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TROUBLE IN RIVER CITY

THE WORLD'S FIRST TALKING MAGAZINE!

#5/6

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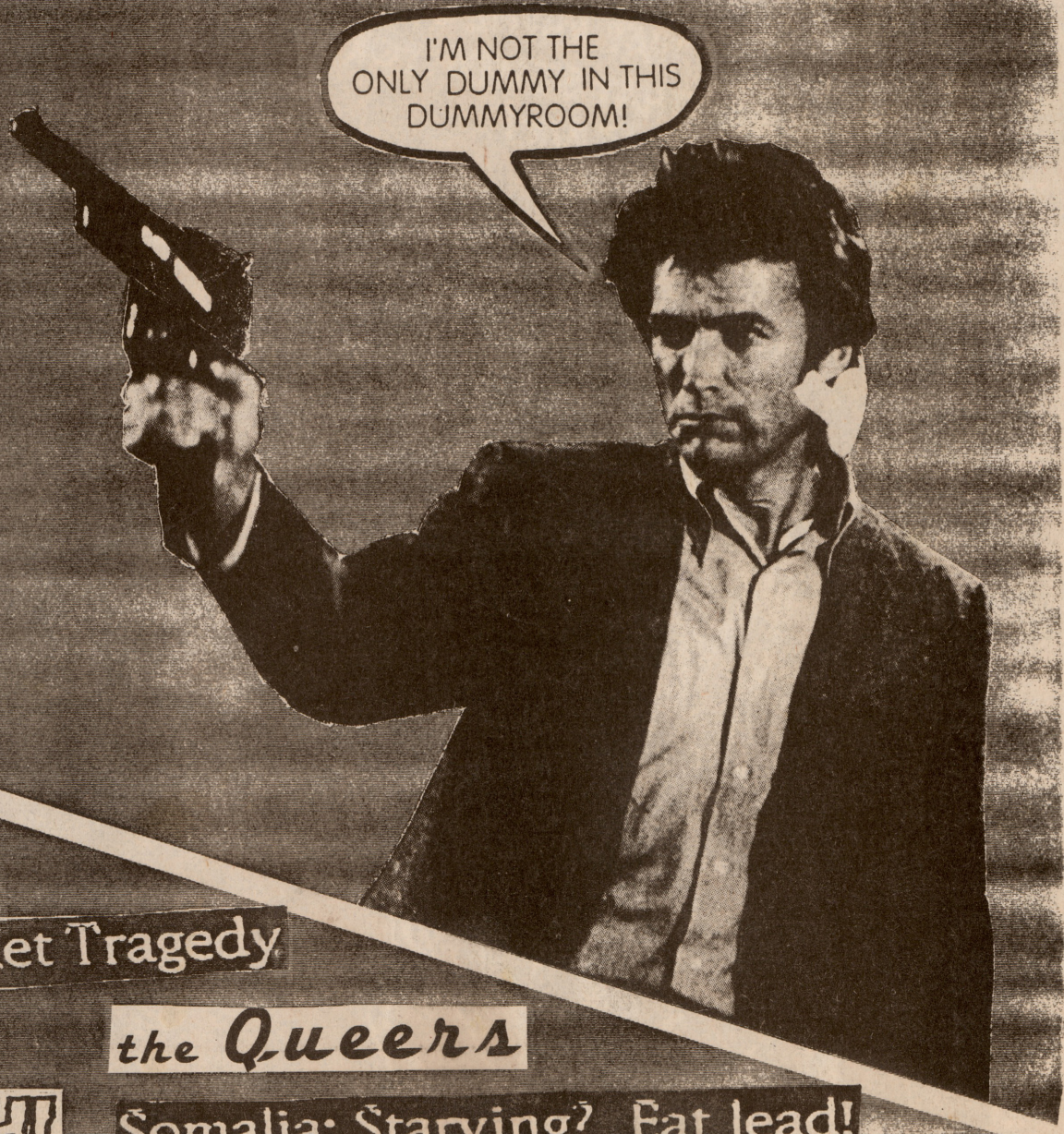

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& more

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SORRY THAT THIS IS SO LATE!

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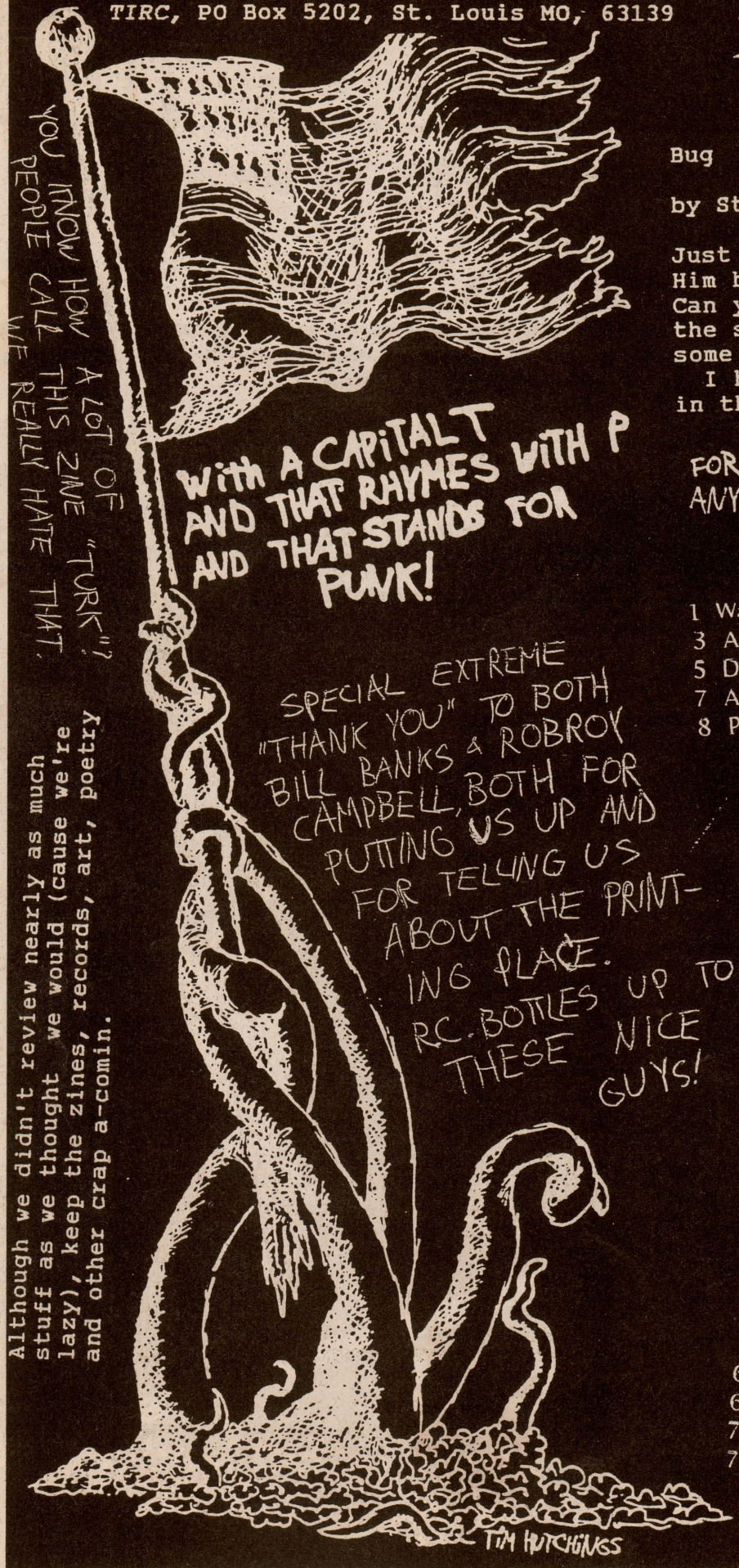


Bug

by Steve

Just lookin' for somethin' to do Him bug, yeah. I don't know. . . Can you find the party? You've got the shirt. Would anybody care for some gum? Hint hint. . .

I hope these don't have any lard in them, cause no lard for bug.

FOR HOT BUNG ACTION, ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, CALL JAY AT 727-3726

1 Watching the end of Robocop
3 A Clown's Prayer
5 Dry Heaves of Pure Rational
7 As Serious As You Can Get
8 Plastic Hand

11 The Diggers
12 Propaghandi interview
16 A Nice Story
18 The Dummyroom Incident
21 The Lost Art of Heckling

22 Guns: blah, blah, blah
25 SxE: good, bad, or stupid
28 The Queers interview
30 Parts Unknown
34 Please Kill I

40 8Bark interview
44 Somalia: Starving? Eat lead!
49 Punk Graphology
50 The Adventures of Darth Olson

54 For Better....
55 The Haymarket Tragedy
59 The Gr'ups interview
63 Big Raccoon Corner

64 Reviews: yawn, stretch
69 Steady diet of ego
70 Stone Righteous Bugs: the noble roach
73 Huasipungo interview

WATCHING THE END OF ROBOCOP™

with Steve

In the words of Venus Flytrap, hello, fellow babies. Remember *Trouble In River City*? Here it is again, and this time I have a zesty new name for my column. But Steve, you ask, what the hell does it *mean*? Funny you should ask.

Picture it: five years ago. I'm a freshman in high school. Me and a bunch of friends are watching the headbanger sci-fi classic *Robocop* on videotape. I'm sitting pretty close to the TV, marveling at how the one guy Emil gets doused with toxic waste and starts melting. Behind me, none other than J. Useless is getting slobbery on the sofa with his then new girlfriend Kelly. Everybody in the room knew it was happening except me. I had seen them getting pretty cozy, and even heard a few wet smacky noises, but I pegged those for our host sucking Cheeto residue off his fingers. So afterward everybody was like, "God Steve, we knew what was going on. Geez, yer dumb." (Four years later, history would repeat itself, only with *my* girlfriend in place of Kelly.) After that, whenever I'd totally miss something or take a really long time to catch on, somebody would say, "hey Steve, you still watching the end of *Robocop*?"

The funny thing is that I'm still just as slow to pick up social nuances, that is, when I don't completely misread them. It goes beyond that though--I trust in people too much. I expect them to live up to my rosy ideal of how friends treat themselves and each other--and I keep getting hurt. I fear that in the process, I'll go from being a gullible, trusting cutie, the butt of well-meaning jokes, to a bitter, jaded creep. I sure hope I don't.

So do you like this double issue thing or what? We figured that a zine this bad could really use a gimmick. If you didn't notice, it's been a pretty long time since last issue. We initially put out #5 in mid-July, and sold out inside of a month, without distributing it much out of St. Louis. We never managed to make more. So, come November we decided it was high time for a new issue. Since most of you haven't seen #5 anyway, we decided to combine the two. Aren't we just too sneaky?

Well, this being my own personal private exclusive column, I'll share some tales from the annals of my summer. . . .

In late July, I went to Chicago with a bunch of friends (Useless included) and saw Los Crudos, Rorschach, and Spork. After the show I hitched a ride back to St. Louis with the Sporks, and played Street Fighter II on the Nintendo they had hooked to their van's cigarette lighter. They told me Born Against had broken up, which just about made me have a stroke. The next day we went to Vintage Vinyl, and Keith from Rorschach bought an 8-minute dance mix of that "Whooot--there it is!!" song. Haymarket, the band I'm in, was supposed to play with them that night at Bastilles. Due to scheduling problems, we couldn't. After their set Rorschach got in a fight and the bass player quit the band. The rest of the band drove him to the bus station the next day, and broke up when they got home.

After the sutures on my wrists healed, I was off to the "punk rock granddaddy of the Midwest", Minneapolis, with Mike "the tattooed lady" Lesana. We went to a slew of boss record stores, co-ops, and collectively run stores. However, after going to four shows in five days, I left with a new respect for people from small-scene cities. The ratio of interesting, active, creative people to boring strokes is basically the same wherever you go. Having crusty orange dreadlocks and disintegrating Naked Agression t-shirts and rolling your own cigarettes don't make you any less of a yawn than you were

when you lived in Duluth and listened to Nine Inch Nails.

After that rather disappointing adventure, I chilled here for a few weeks, played a lot of Vampire and sat in my room a lot with the lights off. Okay, not really. I signed up for class at the community college in mid August. Later that day, me and Del Bano loaded up the truck and made for Chicago. We were put up by our buddy Bill the Infinitely Hospitable Banks at the Underdog loft. We got to sleep in the air conditioned comfort of the office floor, next to about 60,000 copies of Screeching Weasel's *Radio Blast*. Bill and Jason Mojica showed us around the usual punk rock sights, as well as the Al Capone museum and Sly Stallone's Planet Hollywood, where we got to ogle Chewbacca's crossbow close up. Killer.

So then we came back and I started school and stuff. This semester being the first time in a year and a half that I've gone full time, I was a bit apprehensive. But it's no sweat.

In mid September I went with three friends to an anti-police march in senic Chattanooga, Tennessee. Anarchists and assorted leftists had come from all over the country to attend. What struck me as odd (not to mention insufferably annoying) was the fact that the majority smoked, not to mention used a bunch of other substances. Anyway, it seems ironic that people who are smart enough to analyze society's ills lack the basic good sense not to use a product that says, "causes cancer, heart disease, and emphysema" right on the package. I'm sorry, but I can't take you or your politics very seriously if you are busy cultivating tumors for RJ Reynolds profit. Political activism begins with what you put in your body.

So, the march was okay. That night, the next door neighbor of the guy we were staying with sexually assaulted one of the girls I went with, and our host beat him up. The next morning police ransacked our host's apartment and arrested him on assault charges. My friend who was molested was unable to press charges there, and continued to try when we got back to St. Louis. Eventually, the Chattanooga prosecutor told her there wasn't any evidence that she had been assaulted, so she didn't have a case. In a further bizzare twist, I ended up going out with her for about two weeks, fell pretty hard for her, and got dropped like a bad habit. I must say I preferred the trip to Minneapolis.

So where does this leave us? Well, to some it might sound like mediocrity highlighted with disaster and acute disappointment. But despite all the shitty things that seem to go wrong with stuff, and the leigons of stupid jerks you meet along the way, for some reason, it has all been a hell of a lot of fun.

"...deft, lucid, and very stimulating."

A Clown's Prayer

by Jason Useless

Hello all my wonderful friends!! Sorry we're so late this time. What do you think of the new column title? Well, keep it to yourself.

A lot of people around here have heard that Jay Brandt, Generallissimo of a well-known ripoff health food yuppie eatery, is an asshole, but nobody I knew could really divine the truth behind it. Well, a close friend of mine has had her own experience that reveals that, indeed, Mr. Brandt is the anus that we all took him for.

First, some background for the novitiate. Brandt's is centered in the trendy bohemian section of St. Louis, the Delmar Loop. The businesses in this section (Brandt's included) get rich by selling watered-down, commodified versions of various subcultures (hippie, punk, generic alternative, New Age, whatever) to suburban yuppies out for the cheap insulated thrill of a Saturday night spent slumming. ("Step this way!! See real live street people ask you for change!! Gasp in wonder at those terrifying skinheads as seen on TV!!")

So anyway, this friend of mine (we'll call her "Maggot") had been in the employ of Mr. Brandt's fine establishment for a few months. (So had Steve, of this very 'zine, but he left for reasons far too complex for me to go into here. Get the story from him.) One day, Maggot got the notion into her head that she would like to dye her hair a purplish-red color. Thinking that her employers were enlightened types, and that since they took money from weirdos they wouldn't mind it if weirdos worked for them, she asked first (as a formality)whether it would make waves with the boss man.

Boy, did it. Brandt threatened to fire her if she went ahead with the dye job. His explanation: words to the effect of "For the same reason that I fired my nephew when he dyed his hair. This is my business, and that's not the image I want to portray to my customers."

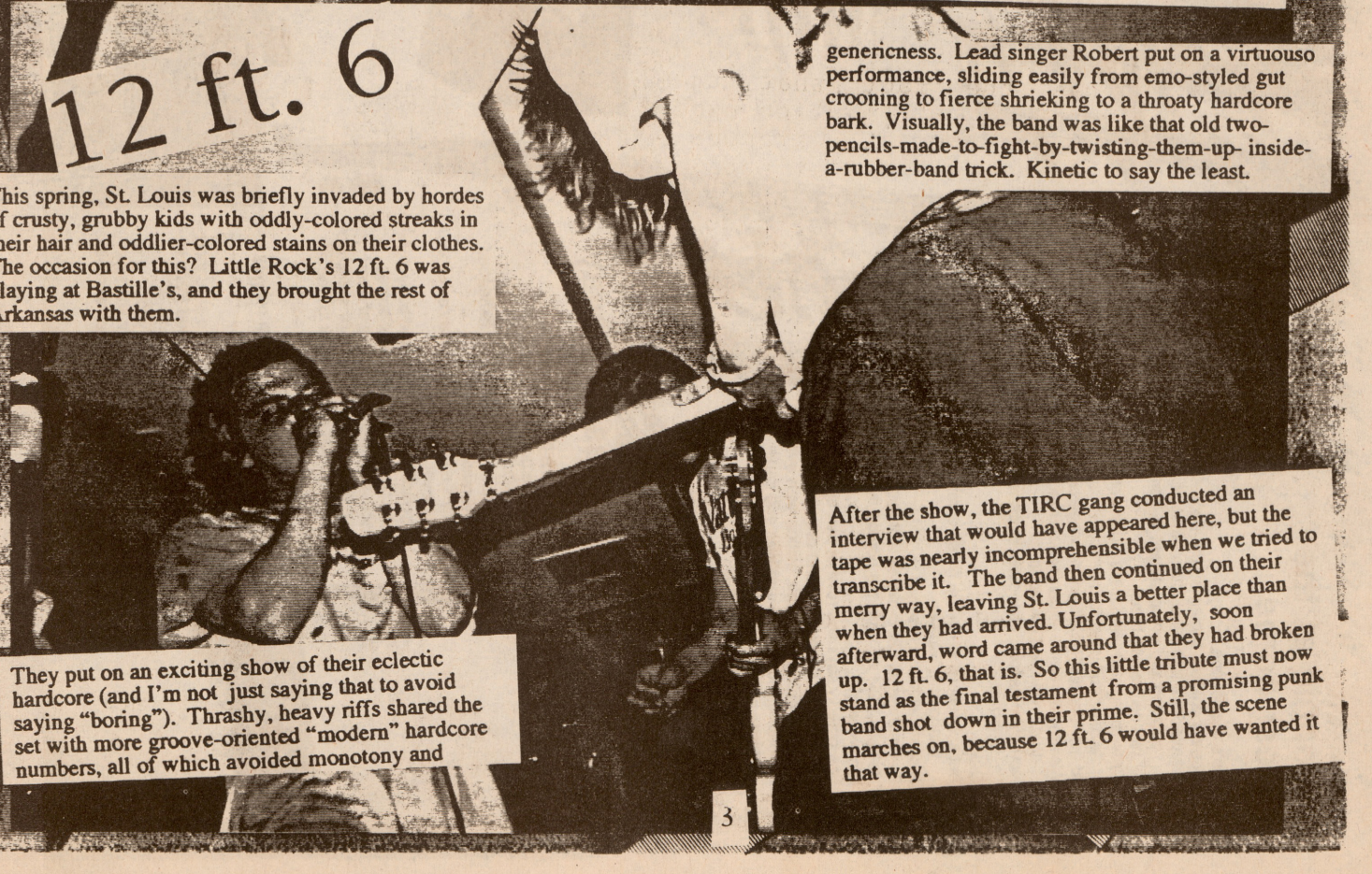
Well, fine. Maggot decided to take her case to the customers themselves. As she bussed her tables, she asked the patrons of Brandt's to sign a petition affirming that they would not be offended if a girl with dyed hair hauled away their dirty dishes. After ten minutes, 18 people (every single one that she asked) had given their signatures. Jay caught wind of this and told her that if she continued with this, she would be fired on the spot. Only the head honcho was too yellow to say this to her directly; he sent head chef/asskisser/egomaniac/ridiculous fop Brad Hartman to do it. With his usual panache, hashslinger Hartman told her to knock it off with the "little petition".

Well, by closing time Maggot had been fired, ostensibly for "loafing" and being disrespectful to Chef Hartman. Anyway, the whole incident just goes to show that no matter what "Friend to the Downtrodden" act Jay Brandt puts on, he's still just a fucking capitalist swine. As for chef Hartman (a power-tripping jerk who made his bussers do things like go and buy him cigarettes), I would love nothing more than to walk up to him (he can often be seen working the crowd at Brandt's with an asinine purple velvet tam on his fool head) and kick his silly ass. But if I did that, the cops would get me for doing it.

That's it for this month, except to ask that anyone with "punk rock" exploitation episodes of old TV series like *CHiPS*, *Quincy*, etc. get in touch with me c/o the PO box.

12 ft. 6

This spring, St. Louis was briefly invaded by hordes of crusty, grubby kids with oddly-colored streaks in their hair and oddlier-colored stains on their clothes. The occasion for this? Little Rock's 12 ft. 6 was playing at Bastille's, and they brought the rest of Arkansas with them.



They put on an exciting show of their eclectic hardcore (and I'm not just saying that to avoid saying "boring"). Thrashy, heavy riffs shared the set with more groove-oriented "modern" hardcore numbers, all of which avoided monotony and genericness. Lead singer Robert put on a virtuouso performance, sliding easily from emo-styled gut crooning to fierce shrieking to a throaty hardcore bark. Visually, the band was like that old two-pencils-made-to-fight-by-twisting-them-up- inside-a-rubber-band trick. Kinetic to say the least.

After the show, the TIRC gang conducted an interview that would have appeared here, but the tape was nearly incomprehensible when we tried to transcribe it. The band then continued on their merry way, leaving St. Louis a better place than when they had arrived. Unfortunately, soon afterward, word came around that they had broken up. 12 ft. 6, that is. So this little tribute must now stand as the final testament from a promising punk band shot down in their prime. Still, the scene marches on, because 12 ft. 6 would have wanted it that way.

ronnie at the rest home

He's a quiet one.
Usually docilely cooing as the floor nurse
places a tray full of little dishes of
pudding and whipped beef in front of
him on the bed table
Or weaving cloth-strip mats worthy of an
autistic and used for nothing.
At the "dances" he sits in his wheelchair
Wearing the same vacantly paternal grin
that once ruled the world.
Not many visitors, especially since his wife
remarried.
Quiet.
But sometimes when the nurse comes in to
change his bedpan
A spark alights in his eye;
Summoning all his B-movie idol strength
He asks, "Did we drop the bombs, Mommy?
Did we win?"
She boredly says yes to shut him up.
Satisfied, he leans back and dreams.
Dashing young halfbacks collide with evil
empires, ice cream sundaes and cattle
drives and Air Force One;
Ronnie goes to sleep happy.

--Jason Useless

dumbass hallway

I hear a voice behind me.
It's that one guy I hate
Walking with some idiotic friend of his.
I can almost make out their lunkheaded
conversation.
NO! My step quickens, I turn a corner;
They follow!!
I don't want to hear their stupid burly sun-
bleached landlocked-surfer voices
discussing whatever matter of beer/
pussy/Pearl Jam/Stüssy their substego-
saurian minds are currently fixated on!
Please! Spare me!!
Sweat breaks on my brow,
I'm almost racing, now through hallway, now
through downstairs;
Still they persist!!
Hovering a few feet behind like an unholy
mating of Keanu Reeves and Pepe Le-
Pew!!
I don't want to be able to hate you
Resplendently mindless in your Raiders hat
and flannel shirt thrown open to reveal
a femo-bead necklace;
But what the fuck, man!!
You leave me no choice!!!

--Jason Useless

YOU CAN'T WAVE a magic wand and automatically become a great clown.

Do-It-Yourself with . . . Dr. Fix-It

Being the wacky iconoclasts that punk rockers are, our musical medium of choice is generally vinyl -- the same medium now generally nonexistent in the mainstream music world. Naturally, this makes for some problems when it comes to things like fixing turntables. Unless you're willing to shell out big bucks to have your record player fixed by a specialist, or even bigger bucks to buy a hard-to-find new one, innovation and inventiveness are your only options.

That's why Dr. Fix-It is glad to bring you news of a daring new method of repairing decrepit old turntables. It may sound crazy at first, but it could just save your records from obsolescence one day. This new technique can be summed up in one simple phrase: if you have a problem, lick it. And I don't mean this figuratively.

Simply remove the part that's causing all the trouble, lubricate it thoroughly with your tongue, then replace it and twist the night away. One friend I know was having problems with the actual turning mechanism on his player; he removed the motor belt, ran it through his mouth a few times, and put it back in place. This was followed by an incredible *two years* of trouble-free service. Another friend ran into the age-old problem of the malfunctioning needle (especially vexing now that needles are so hard to find and expensive); after just a few minutes of tongue treatment, it worked like a charm.

There are limitations, of course. Dr. Fix-It expressly warns against using this technique when dealing with any sort of electrical problems (and, incidentally, takes no responsibility for any damages incurred by doing so). In addition, attempts at applying the licking method to broken cassette and CD players indicates that this technique is not adaptable to magnetic or digital technology.

Still, tough times demand tough solutions, so the next time your record player gives you trouble, why not lick it? Because what the hell else are you gonna do, buy a new one?

Dry Heaves of Pure Rational
with Dave the Shitter Boy

Hemeila-golduy-jiyo-co
Eatin' beans on the roof oh
Big machine kick me off the roof and spill my beans-"ouch!!!"
Can't get enough of that no-no.

Supo droopo beeda mo
Watchin' them cartoons oh
Brother says,"No! Floods are funnier-Whoa!!!"
Can't get enough of that no-no.

Hooda-hyda-heeda-ho
Singin' on the porch steps oh
Cop on bike hits me in the head with a plastic stick and yells,"No singin' hippie!!!"
Can't get enough of that no-no.

Dry Heaves of Pure Rational with Dave "the shit."

This small summary of reality first appeared in "Life as Perversion" as presented by Komsomols y komosomolkas. I, "the shit," was mulling over the idea of writing on, as Komsomols and komosomolkas put it: "The true aesthetic," when I stumbled upon this thing of innocent beauty laying at my feet on the floor of my brother's room, amongst the corrupted reality of la alcoba de mi hermano, which consisted of a myriad of used hypodermics and over-used condoms- so reminiscent of the costal revolutionary aesthetic. But that reality could not overcome...
THE TRUTH:

ST. LOUIS- At a recent show my band, Rectal Skintag, played with Milwaukee's own emo crooners, Buried, in the lovely city of St. Louis...St. Louis is really kind of strange for a mid-west city because it is quite obviously dying, and there are houses which for no apparent reason look intentionally burned to the ground, and some of the tallest buildings are uninhabited and open to squatting and...what else is there to say? I am really happy to note, as any fashionably jaded scenester is prone to, that the kids were there in full force, young, and devoid of any weird punk aesthetic (like hair dye, or leather, or attitude, work it) that would've been hammered into them by the class war, or a weird hybrid of what Mom and Dad can provide in a kind of Stussy slug-fest, yaaah...and...lots of skater kids toting that kind of Junior High/High School mystique of the skater as loner archetype. Think John Hughes. Think "Breakfast Club." That's where the true aesthetic is at. I mean just the fact that there were kids at all, which is completely amazing when as an intruding, attitudinal outsider, you can be reduced from youngest in the scene of crusties and former Bob Mould drag-queens to oldest in the scene of disenfranchised youth oh-a-hungering for the revolutionary spirit to touch off...um...by a mere hop, skip and a jump only 800 miles away. Punk's not in the metropolis, it's in the bullshit mid-west cities. Yes, for all of those who are often so ignorant of their standing to realize that they're the most painfully obvious monuments to going nowhere fast there are these days. The ultimate in self-effacing unpretentious pretentiousness? Move. My suggestion (though I'm not taking my own advice, obviously) is leave what you know, leave the secure company of other "punks" (we understand that the true punks decided upon by the strictest standards exist only here and there amongst the ruins of popular culture which extends, oh yeah, verily even to the lower echelons of record production and zinesterism), and begin to rely on your own personal resources in the middle of fucking nowhere. That's what the real punk spirit's about...not beating a mrdanga drum in some homogeneous tribe of your equals.

Ahhh, the genious of Komsomols y komosomolkas! They are from the twin cities of Minnesota, in case you were wondering. The greatest blessings of Robigus and Odin be upon them! ¡Los niños nos ayudarán!

As Serious As You Can Get

Georges del Baño

Okeedoke, here goes another cute little tirade about some petty thing that pisses me off. Now, ever since I've been reading Maximum RockNRoll, I've been familiar with the term P.C. This is because I've always thought that the anti-P.C. bastion of MRR columnists (Mykel Board, Ben Weasel, and Jeff Bale) have been my favorites. I never was bothered with their ramblings about the "PC punks" (the descriptions of whom often included attributes I myself had), because I could always see what they were getting at, and decided that didn't include me.

Recently, though, whether I've changed or what, I don't know, I've really gotten annoyed with people (not just the MRR columnists, but people in general) talking about the "PC" thing. The more I see and hear from people against PC, the more it bothers me.

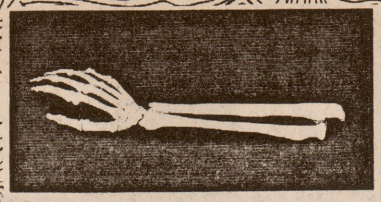
For example, in a recent MRR, Jeff Bale did a column about how PC punks were just obsessed with not pissing people off and how that just was not punk. I also heard just yesterday somebody saying that some people had gone around deciding anything that might possibly be offensive to anyone was taboo. Whatever. I think these people really are taking wanting to change the inherent racist, sexism, and homophobia in out society as not wanting to offend people.

I have, in the past year or so, began avoiding using the terms "human", "woman", etc., because of the sexist connotions of them. I'm not interested in not offending people, I don't give a fuck. However, I'm not going to perpetuate language and other social constructs that reinforce sexism and oppression. I suppose if sexism and oppression are punk, then being "PC" isn't punk. Otherwise, I don't think there are any reasons why such things aren't punk. Granted, I think when people really are concerned with offending people, yeah, that's not very punk. But continuing to let oppression slide by isn't punk, either.

It seems to me that all the people who are so concerned with the "PC thought police" or whatever are just guys who don't get it. They don't understand the inherent sexism in using words like "woMAN", "huMAN", "feMALE", and so on. They don't seem to understand that our system doesn't offer the poor and minorities the same opportunities to "succeed" as whites and wealthy people.

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't believe that pornography is inherently sexist, I don't think that any sex between a man and a woman is necessarily rape, I don't think that the solution to solving inequality is with more inequality, and I don't think that straight white males are always homophobic, racist, sexists. But I just don't see the advantages to accepting prejudice and sexist language as the way things are and saying that they're not wrong or that they shouldn't be changed. Oppression isn't punk.

By the way, I hate the use the term "PC" because it is always used as an excuse to reject multiculturalism and anything interested in eliminating the inequalities in our society. If you are a closet racist or a homophobe, and you don't want to see blacks or homosexuals getting the same opportunities in life as you, just dismiss such actions as "Politically Correct," and scores of people will agree with you just cos they don't want to be "PC." It just seems to be a ridiculous thing to me. That's all. Bye.



PLASTIC HAND

Michael Lesana

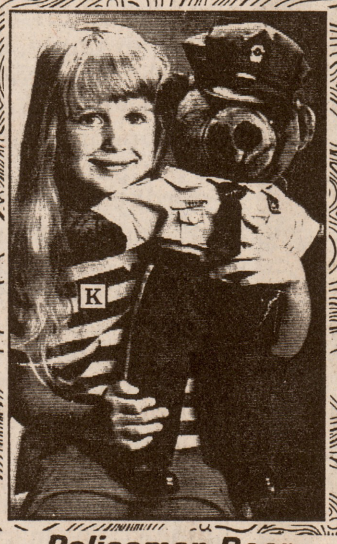
"These Gangs, they come in and spray paint everything. And the graffiti goes hand and hand with drugs."

When I heard some "community leader" say that on the news, all I could think of was my friend Jack, the loner straight-edge graffiti artist. He's a mild-mannered, intelligent white college student and his tag (often-embellished graffiti signiature, for the unknowing) is all over the twin cities.

It's often amazingly silly what adult "experts" think is going on with youth culture. When I hear people talk about all the gangs, satanists, etc., sometimes I'm just shocked at the absurdity, but usually I just laugh. Like when a white, upper-middle class friend of mine's mom asked him if he smoked crack. Or when mayor Bosley came up with his "gang truce" to end violence in St. Louis. Granted, some of these youth-corrupting institutions exist, but not nearly to the extent that the Media reports, and consequentially, to the extent "responsible" parents believe.

With these rapidly changing times and ever-widening generation gaps, parents cherish every bit of apparently valid information about their kids; unfortunately, that pretty much never comes from the kids mouths. Have parents and children always been this completely out of touch with each other? I don't think so. And the engine of progress chuggs on...

Lefty Holligan of Maximum Rock N Roll reports that the United States has recently deployed 500 troops to the El Salvadoran countryside in a "civic" excercise called "Strong Roads", supposedly to build schools and wells. During the Reagan-Bush years, the U.S. provided much military aid to El Salvador's right wing military gov't, and U.S. rulers still stand to gain if the reactionary ARENA party keeps power, as opposed to the former-guerilla FMLN leftists. You see, these two groups signed a U.N.-brokered peace agreement which is being violated by the presence of U.S. troops. National elections, very possibly the most democratic elections in the nation's history, are coming up on March 20, and many FMLN-sympathizing Salvadorans are unregistered voters from the countryside. With U.S. troops in these regions "building wells and schools", the FMLN will very likely be intimidated, harassed, and otherwise prevented from registering this voter base necessary for them to win the elections. After all, the FMLN knows all too well that the U.S. is & has been a partner in crime with the Salvadoran government. And if U.S. troops really are down there for "humanitarian reasons", then why aren't we hearing about it on the news? Clinton's certainly not one to pass up an oppurtunity to rack up some approval points. Something's fishy. Spread the word and get "our boys" outta there and back ho--, no, how about somewhere keeping Commies at bay? No, um..., how about saving starving children? No..How about in a new field of work!! Now that's an idea.



Policeman Bear

(K) Our cuddly copper is on the beat 24 hours a day arresting loneliness, little hurts and tears while providing a safe and secure feeling. Your little one will be sentenced for life to bear hugs and smiles. Our brown furry bear is dressed for duty in a light blue shirt with badges and patches, dark blue pants with yellow stripes, hat with badge, belt, tie, black plastic shoes and holster with cap gun. Clothing is polyester/cotton. Stands 22" tall.

U6619 ..... $49.95

YOU will DIE a HORRIBLE DEATH
if YOU are NOT in the PLACE of SAFETY.
IF YOU SCOFF at THIS WARNING
YOU ARE DOOMED

Do you ever read or hear something and immediately get that sinking, grim, yet somehow satisfying feeling that the human race is unacknowledgably close to complete self-destruction, and smile? I did when I read a recent article from the Post about good ol' water being the likely resource at stake in the next Middle East war. The images of Road Warrioresque renegade batallions armed with reject U.S. rifles clashing over half a dozen 55 gal. drums of pure H_2O were, for some disturbing reason, pleasing to me. Perhaps because I enjoy most any post-apocalyptic imagery, or perhaps because it touched the brought-up-on-war-toys & video-games violent facet of my psyche (or perhaps an inherent warrior instinct?), or perhaps because it would prove us crazy environmentalists right. But I also got definite bad feelings from this article. like: survival of the fittest in an age of scarce resources, and non-white people, due to their economic oppression, ~~would (are already!)~~ the would be (are already!) the first to go; not enough people are realizing our species' mistakes quickly enough to save humankind; it proves us crazy environmentalists right. Well, if the human race does fall off the edge of the Earth, you can't say we didn't warn you.

Out of our nation's capitol comes a new, non-corporate publication. "So what!" you say. "Just another drop in the bucket." But how mistaken you are. Because this newspaper, The Daily Citizen, is published Monday thru Friday, 48 weeks a year! 12 big pages that "consistently expose the colossal crimes, stupidity & misjudgements of those in power, and that focus attention on individual citizens who are trying to build and preserve local communities and economies", in Russell Mokhiber's (the editor & publisher of the Daily Citizen, as well as author of the fine book, Corporate Crime and Violence) own words. But since they do not accept ads("because fear of offending advertisers has pressured many editors and reporters to kill or revise news stories. And commercial pollution is getting a little thick around here, isn't it?"), the price is high: $1 an issue by ma mail, or $240 a year for a subscription. But a collective subscription for a handful of people makes t the price easier to swallow, and this is truly a quality paper & a tremendous counter-institution (imagine getting up every morning to read a newspaper such as this instead of sifting through the Post-dis-crap!) Anyway, here's the address:

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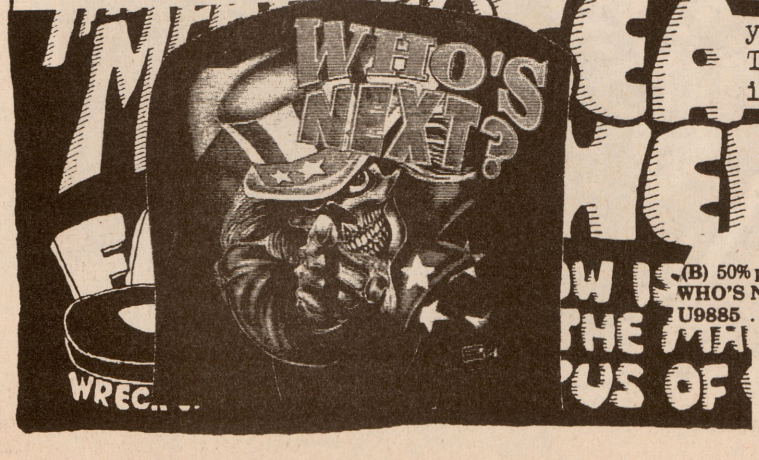
In a "Hooters" restaurant/bar in Minneapolis, MN, there's a sign which reads"Men: no shirt, no service. Women:no shirt, free food". Seeing this sign as another of Hooters' many contributions to the continued degradation of wimmin by men, the Ladies Latchhook Union of the Twin Cities (formerly Riot Grrrl) has decided to take Hooter's up on the offer by getting together a group of bare-chested babes to march in and demand free food. If they don't get it, they'll demand that the sign be taken down. If they do get complimentary chow, they'll make it a point to return to get more and more. Demanding that sexist assholes give you free meals sounds cool to me. These ladies have guts. Respect is due to them & to all.



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"God Made Men, and the Devil Made Kings."

The Digger Movement in 1640s England

by Jason Useless

In 1649, at St. George's Hill
A ragged band they called the Diggers
Came to show the peoples' will

This song, popularized by Billy Bragg, is about a truly stirring incident in English history. The Diggers, loosely led by Gerrard Winstanley, have largely been shunted aside as a utopian footnote to the Cromwell-era political milieu. However, both on their own merits and as foreshadow of socialist-anarchist movements up to the present day, the Diggers were an important phenomenon.

After Parliament prevailed over the Royalists in the English Civil War, around 1645, the nobles and merchants who had supported Parliament figured that they were entitled to rebuild the institutions of England as they saw fit. Had they gone unchecked, conditions in England would have reverted to very much their pre-Civil War state: "a world safe for business men to make profits in," in Christopher Hill's words. Instead, the political vacuum that followed the fall of the throne was filled with numerous attempts by common people to take control of their lives away from their traditional masters. The Diggers were one of the most influential, however briefly, and had one of the most sweeping critiques of English society.

Rising from the Levellers, a powerful radical wing of the Parliamentarians, the Diggers were also known as "True Levellers" and were often used by Royalists as an example of the attack on tradition posed by the Levellers. Where the Levellers demanded equality between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, Diggers wanted to abolish the House of Lords. The Levellers wanted redistribution and extension of political franchise; the Diggers knew where power really came from and demanded abolition of property ownership.

The economic conditions in England following the war made property all the more important. The harvests of the late 1640s were disastrous. Contemporary accounts say it best: "The poor did gather in groups of ten, twenty, thirty, in the roads and seized upon corn as it was carrying to market, and divided it among themselves before the owners' faces, telling them they could not starve." (Jan. 1648) As that anecdote would indicate, the rich didn't feel safe anywhere, even their own homes; the rabble were "never more regardless of God than nowadays," said one Rev. Josselin in Dec. 1649. Shit was about to hit the fan.

One Sunday in March or April 1649, six soldiers (the military was a strong base of support for the Leveller cause, since most of the soldiers still felt solidarity with their class) invaded Walton-on-Thames church. To the horror and confusion of the congregation, the declared that the Sabbath, tithes, ministers, magistrates and the Bible were abolished. To drive the point home, they proceeded to trash the place.

On Sunday, 1 Apr., very possibly the same day, a gang of poor men collected on St. George's Hill in the same parish and began to dig the waste land located there. Soon they numbered 20 or 30. A contemporary observer laments: "They invite all to come in and help them an promise them meat, drink and clothes . . . . They give out, they will be four or five thousand within ten days . . . . It is feared they have some design at hand."

You bet your Roundhead they did. Gerrard Winstanley was a proto-Socialist Christian prone to mystical visions. He had led a fairly routine life until one day he was struck by a vision that, in his own words, "the earth should be made a common treasury of livelihood to all mankind." He was capable of remaining friendly with generals and parsons, even though he would not tip his hat to a "fellow creature" (his form of address for all humans).

Winstanley leaves a huge body of philosophical writing that it is not my purpose or my inclination to write much about here. Notable among the Digger literature are anonymous pamphlets like *Tyrannipocrit Discovered*, which put everything pretty succinctly: "God made men, and the Devil made kings."

At any rate, the St. George's Hill colony was getting by despite organized raiding by local landowners and their hired men. The manor lords of Surrey imposed an economic boycott on the colony as well. Eventually, the colony moved a few miles away to Cobham Heath. By early 1650, the Digger ideas were spreading and other colonies were starting up; this, combined with emissaries sent out by the struggling original colony, disseminated the Digger message into a full-blown regional movement. At least seven other Digger colonies are known to have sprung up during this time; all of them were fought tooth-and-nail by local landowners.

Continued on p. 48

PROPAGANDHI

interview by Jason Useless

On December 17 at the Gargoyle, St. Louis was treated to a performance by Winnipeg's leading anarchist-vegetarian-antinationalist-antireligion punk rock outfit, Propagandhi. Instead of the grinding thrash proffered by most such "political" bands, we were served up a helping of fast, catchy punk with real tunes and a sense of humor. The band made sure that everyone knew what they were singing about, and even stated that they have an open mike policy during their shows, to encourage dialogue between audience and performer. After the show we adjoined to a side room to hear what the band had to say; as we expected, it was quite an earful.

JU: Jason Useless
S: Steve D: Dave
JR: Jord, drummer
JN: Jon, bass and vocals
C: Chris, guitar and vocals

JU: Now, you all consider yourselves anarchists, right?
JR: It's a problem of definition, really. I'm an anarchist in the sense that I'd support decentralization of power down to localized, autonomous levels of self-government . . . but I'm not an anarchist in the sense that I'd advocate the immediate destruction of the state.
JU: So now that we've established that, was it a conscious effort to combine anarchist lyrics with music that a lot of anarchist bands don't really play, or was that just sort of how it worked out?
C: Maybe not conscious. It's just that we happen to like a different style of music, it's . . . well, yeah . . . that's what it is. I mean, I don't see why a band, any sort of band, should have to play a certain type of music to be taken seriously with their lyrics. Which seems to be the case a lot with the Ebullition/Vermiform type of bands. Unless you're

on Ebullition or Vermiform--or, you know, that type of music--you don't get taken as seriously. But it's almost irrelevant.

JN: In all art forms--it doesn't just have to be punk. There could be great things being said, great important things being said, in graphic arts, folk music, literature. I'm a big folk music fan, and literature to me is the most important form of art.

C: It's like it seems . . . I remember the big slogan was "The medium is the message" for bands like Born Against or whatever, but it just turned into this convenient tag for people who happen to like a certain style of music. The medium wasn't the message after the first Born Against record, because everyone liked that kind of music. So the medium being ugly and unacceptable was right out the window. It was just convenient for them because they liked and played that kind of music. It's not a cut on them.

JN: Just like we do . . .

C: Yeah, we like our music so we play it. And they like theirs so they play it.

JU: Have you found it a problem sometimes to be taken seriously?

C: Umm . . . not by people with a real head on their shoulders. Just by people who want to be part of a clique, who just want to be part of their own little gang.

JR: It seems like most of the people that we come into contact with that are putting the shows on and doing 'zines and stuff, they're like you say, people with a head on their shoulders, people who understand this type of thing. But I think, you know, we could get lumped in with any other Fat Wreck Chords band . . . whatever . . .

C: Which we don't want.

JU: That was sort of one of my other questions.

C: We knew it was coming.

JU: Are there ever any--is there ever any--political tension, I guess *(with Fat Mike of NOFX, who runs Fat Wreck Chords)*?

JN: It's more discourse than tension.

C: Yeah, and it's not even, generally, it wouldn't even be political. It's more arguments or discussions about punk ethics, or how things should work within a punk scene. because that's all the relationship really is: it's us working with Fat Wreck Chords within the punk scene, and anything beyond that . . . Because life transcends punk--and anarchism or any political belief transcends punk by a longshot--it's got really nothing to do with . . . well . . . it's just that if you talk to Fat Mike or whatever about his personal politics or how he thinks life should be, his ideas really aren't that much different. It's just that he's decided that he wants to survive in the system. Like we do. And he's doing it on his own, and he's doing what he can to make himself happy. And with keeping in mind that he doesn't feel that the system will ever change, he's just gonna survive doing what he does. Us, on the other hand, I guess . . . we're not idealists, we don't see the world changing or whatever, but just on small levels we think you can make progress. And I guess that's one of the differences, our punk ethics are different. How we want to survive in this capitalist system is a bit different than him.

JR: I don't think there's any real strong moral basis behind all of this stuff. There's a lot of fine lines between things like door prices--how high they should be--how high you should charge for t-shirts

and stuff like that. I don't think there's any real right and wrong. It really varies.
C: But there are . . . I mean, there might not be really no moral right and wrong, there are clearcut choices we'd make when it comes to, just, trivial things. It's trivial in the sense of life, but in the sense of the punk community, things like door prices, prices of your merchandise or recordings or whatever, we have a different set of ideas about that.
JN: I do like to think that there's room in my philosophy, though, for interaction, and progress with people who don't agree with a lot of the things you say.
C: Which is the idea.
JN: Which is really important. Which is why I think it's cool that we're on Fat Wreck Chords.
JR: Yeah. It's sort of, like, opened us up to a lot of things. Like touring with NOFX for a while there, earlier this summer.
C: It showed us what not to do. What we didn't want to become.
JR: It really forces you to think about a lot of things that you never put into a position. Like, once you're there and actively involved in it (unintelligible on tape--something about strengthening your ideas through being forced to deal with new issues).
C: And having said all that, they're still great people. The band, NOFX, or Fat Mike, we're friends with them. It's not just some sort of . . . like a functional relationship. We're still friends. I have a lot friends outside the punk scene, or who just have different ideas than I do about life. But as long as no-one's coercing someone into some form of action, it's not harmful.
(We fuck with the tape recorder and our friend Dave walks in.)
S: You ever been to Canada, Dave?
D: No. I've been close.
JU: Canada sort of has to do with this next question. On the album, it's kind of unique for a Canadian band in that there's no mention specifically of the United States. Again, was this a conscious thing?
C: Well, I don't . . . there is a reference, I think I read off hand, in "Haile Selassie", to the States, but it's just like because of the situation that the song is in. But I just don't understand why someone would sing about a situation that they're not really involved in directly. I mean, we're from Winnipeg, Canada. And so we sing about that. I mean it'd be dumb to say "Fuck George Bush"--well, no it wouldn't, because, well, fuck George Bush--but, uh . . .
JU: But I mean, like, DOA is an example. they have more than one song about how Canada's problems are--
C: But DOA are nationalists, too . . .
JR: Well, I don't know . . .
C: Not nationalists like--
JN: There's a big complex in Canada, Canadians being in a country with a population hugely smaller than the United States, to blame all their problems on the United States. Which is somewhat valid, but, I mean, Canada is a nation-state as well, which has perpetuated genocide and death to Native Americans and all over the world just like the United States has. And there's no reason to be proud of being Canadian--
C: --just because you're not the States.
JN: Yes, it's a stupid (something).
JR: It's more of a localized effort on our part. When we're in Winnipeg, we try to concentrate on a lot of local issues, at our shows. But I think a lot of it kind of plays a part in where you think the worst form of power lies. Like I don't really see it in the government. At least in Canada, it's more of a defense mechanism, if anything, for government bureaucracy that still exists being eroded away. The government's getting very small. I think in the States it's a totally different situation. I don't wanna sound like I know what I'm talking about totally, but by what I've read it seems like the US government is the biggest terrorist organization in the entire world. Then again, is it the US government itself, or is it the transnational corporations with all the power? that's where I think most of the power lies today, in the US, with its business ties to the corporate elite and stuff like that, whereas in Canada, they just follow the US's lead in a lot of cases. Two totally different contexts.

Well, we moved on to a lot of different contexts that evening--religion, major labels, the eerie parallels between the Winnipeg and St. Louis scenes--but hey, we do have space considerations here, and lovers must always keep some secrets to themselves. But you, too, can have a conversational tryst with these Northern Beauties by writing them at

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c/o Chris, 42 Shoreham Bay, Winnipeg MB R3R 3J6

DIVISION III OFFENSES AGAINST PUBLIC DECENCY

Chapter 15.22

DESECRATION OF FLAG

Sections:

15.22.010 Prohibited acts—Penalty for violation.
15.22.020 Definitions.
15.22.030 Applicability.

15.22.010 Prohibited acts—Penalty for violation.

Any person who in any manner, for exhibition or display, shall place, or cause to be placed, any word, figure, mark, picture, design, drawing or any advertisement of any nature upon any flag, standard, color or ensign of the United States of America, or shall expose or cause to be exposed to public view any such flag, standard, color or ensign upon which shall be printed, painted or otherwise placed or to which shall be attached, appended, affixed or annexed any word, figure, mark, picture, design or drawing or any advertisement of any nature, or who shall expose to public view, manufacture, sell, expose for sale, give away or have in possession for sale, or to give away or for use for any purpose, any article or substance being an article of merchandise or a receptacle of merchandise upon which shall have been printed, painted, attached or otherwise placed a representation of any such flag, standard, color or ensign, to advertise, call attention to, decorate, mark or distinguish the article or substance on which so placed, or who shall publicly mutilate, deface, burn or trample upon any such flag, standard, color or ensign, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days or by both fine and imprisonment. (Ord. 54729 § 1, 1967: 1960 C. § 807.010.)

Cases:

Ordinance which made it unlawful for any person to "cast contempt either by words or acts upon the flag" was unconstitutionally vague. *Kansas City v. Warman*, 507 S.W. 2d 385 (1974).

15.22.020 Definitions.

The words "flag," "standard", "color", or "ensign" as used in this chapter include any flag, standard, color, ensign or any picture or representation of either thereof, made of any substance or represented on any substance and of any size evidently purporting to be either of said flag, standard, color or ensign of the United States of America, or a picture or a representation of either thereof upon which shall be shown the colors, the stars and the stripes, in any number of either thereof or by which the person seeing the same without deliberation may believe the same to represent the flag, colors, standard or ensign of the United States of America. (Ord. 54729 § 2, 1967: 1960 C. § 807.020.)

15.22.030 Applicability.

This chapter shall not apply to any act permitted by the statutes of the United States of America or by the United States army and navy regulations, nor shall it apply to a newspaper, periodical, book, pamphlet, circular, certificate, diploma, warrant or commission of appointment to office, ornamental picture, article of jewelry, or stationery for use in correspondence, on any of which shall be printed, painted or placed said flag disconnected from any advertisement. (Ord. 54729 § 3, 1967: 1960 C. § 807.030.)

But what about our boys who made the supreme sacrifice you say?
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****

IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG
or suggestions for public decency

I was at the local library and I found a set of books "Saint Louis Charter Vols. I & II" in the reference section. Browsing the pages, I found some strange city laws especially one about "Offenses Against Public Decency". It wasn't about child molestation or aiding homeless people but an ugly piece of cloth - the banner of our land of freedominati on and democrassy. The flag is a blunt reminder of the defenseless millions slaughtered in war. Go ahead, flaunt it. They see our bright rockets' red glare and feel its heat as they live a squalid li fe, but we prosper. With victory parades and native reservations we've got it made in the shade. The poor fools can run but there's nowhere to hide. The only thing they ever got for free was the shrapnel in their faces and the mushroom cloud bursting in air. Yes, our flag is still there. Don't you feel proud?

- Blake Blank

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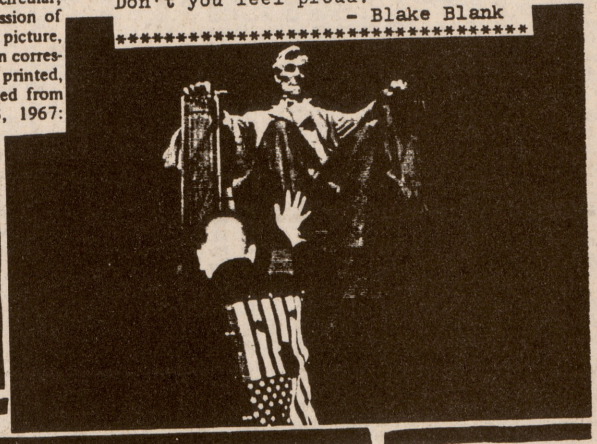

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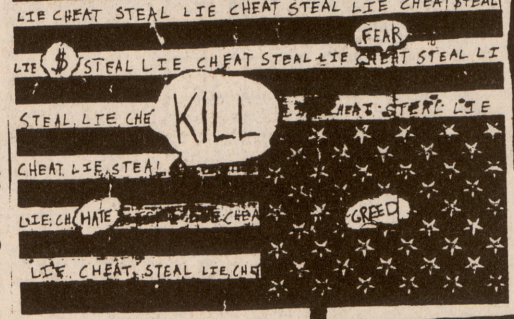

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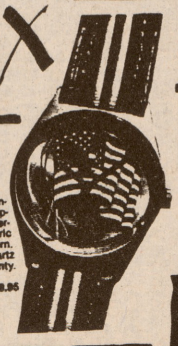

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A Nice Story

by Steve

On a Saturday in the early summer of 1992 I went caving in Illinois with my friend Luke, his childhood friend Joe, and two of Joe's friends. I had already been spelunking several times since that spring, and had grown accustomed to drives on gravel backroads in friend's cars, following semi-legible directions. I always eagerly anticipated the first echoing steps into the coolness of the caves, a relief after the hot, buggy, summer above. Even more pleasant was the ascension to the warm surface again hours later, clothing waterlogged and smeared with mud, a feeling not unlike the relief of leaving an excessively air-conditioned movie theater on a hot day. This particular afternoon in the third week of June, my trip would evoke somewhat different feelings

Luke had asked me a few weeks before if I would like to go caving with him and his old friend Joe. Joe had been his neighbor and friend as a kid, despite being six years Luke's senior. They lived in a neighborhood bordering on industrial parks, factories, and railroad tracks. Joe had explored the area thoroughly, and often took Luke on trips into sewers, abandoned buildings, and empty factories. After growing up and moving away, Joe, unlike Luke, continued in his pursuit of the adventurous, and still sometimes invited him along on excursions. He joined the National Guard, took up SCUBA diving, learned the basics of rock climbing and rappelling, and became an avid spelunker. His caving exploits were many, and included being arrested for entering caves on private property.

The cave he had invited Luke and I along to was rougher than I was used to, but no challenge for him, with no great waterfalls or suffocating tunnels to be wriggled through like moles. A few weeks before, I had explored Little Mammoth cave, also known as Illinois Caverns, which was only a few miles distant. The caves were in an area of rolling hills and patchy farmland, spotted with occasional sinkholes, some of which contained the mouths of caves. This cave was similar to Little Mammoth: a main passage five miles long with a stream of fifty degree water running its length, and a few dead-end side passages.

Near Little Mammoth's entrance was a trailer occupied by Mr. Armand Krueger, a filthy, grizzled, gnarled man of advanced years. He acted as caretaker of the cave, Joe knew him. He had personally mapped and explored every cave in the area, in which he had lived his entire life. He owned land nearby, under which was a cave comparable in size to Little Mammoth, but with enough low ceilings and waist-deep pools of frigid water to deter most tourist families. It was there that we were headed.

On the morning of the trip, Luke and I awoke early and met Joe at his house. There we met his cousin Burt, a bearded man in his late twenties, whose "Born to Kill" t-shirt, complete with crossed M-16 assault rifles and a grinning skull, was made laughable by his easygoing manner. Their friend Kevin, from the National Guard, was also there, a cheerfully slow-witted fellow built like a professional football player. After introductions, we piled into Joe's tan Cherokee. I tried to nap once we got on the highway, but Joe kept barking at me to wake up, to my weary amusement. Through the hour long trip, he and his friends kept up a steady stream of upbeat chatter, veering from Kevin's locker-room banality to Joe's pointed sarcasm. We arrived at Little Mammoth before noon, and met Mr. Krueger to get the map of his cave. After another drive of twenty minutes, we arrived at our destination.

Joe parked the Cherokee at the end of the gravel road near two trails that led into the woods. We dug out flashlights, and jackets to keep us warm in the cave. I donned a denim jacket of Luke's, still filthy from our last caving trip, and a helmet, which prompted an array of jokes about my masculinity from Joe and his older friends. We started down the path into the light forest.

After walking for a few minutes, already sweating profusely due to my jeans and coat, I saw the edge of a sinkhole ahead. I was in the lead, and I approached the edge. The depression was about sixty feet across, and roughly circular. The opposite side, covered in ferns and lichened boulders, sloped sharply to a rocky floor twenty feet below. I walked to the edge, standing on mossy rock, and saw that the side we were on dropped straight down, and then cut under and out of sight to what I presumed was the cave's mouth. Behind me, I heard Burt say, "Holy shit. It's a baby deer," in a awed tone. I turned to see them with their backs to me, a few feet to my right, huddled together, craning their necks. There were

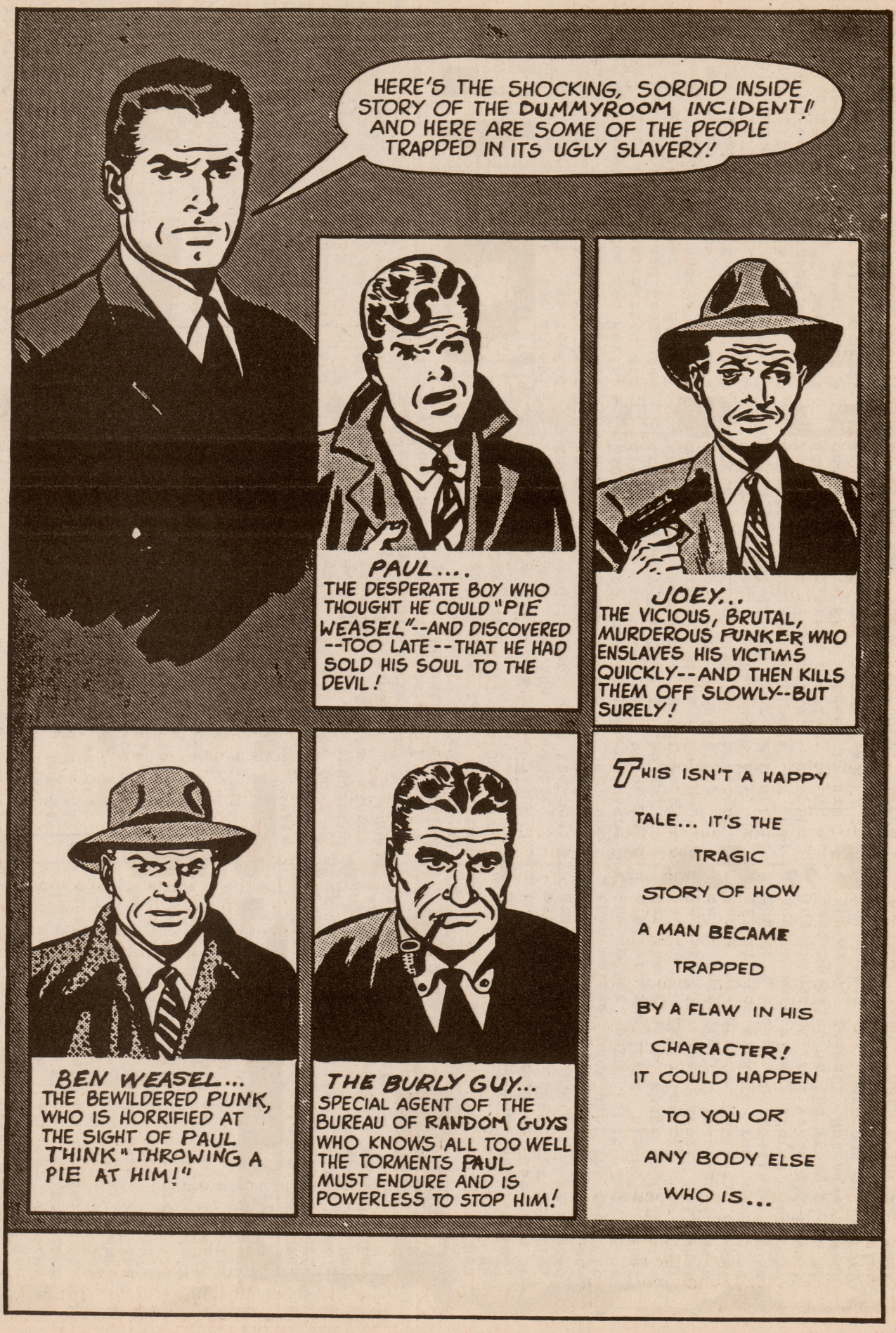
murmurs of puzzlement. "Why isn't it moving?" Kevin asked. I leaned around them and saw the deer, tan with white spots, motionless, nearly invisible in the dappled sunlight. "Maybe something's wrong with it," somebody said. We stood in a semicircle around it. Burt reached for it with the butt of his red plastic work flashlight. Joe said, "Don't touch it!" just before Burt connected. The deer sprang up. Then I remembered that baby deer freeze when in danger, and rely on their camouflage for protection. It bounded once, away and to the right. It then zigzagged, and leaped off the edge of the cliff and into space. For an instant, nobody moved. Then we heard the meaty impact below us. "Oh shit," Joe moaned. I remember laughing a couple of times, mirthlessly. I couldn't believe that the animal would jump off a cliff. We looked over the edge and saw the deer sprawled on the rocks below, thrashing weakly. Joe and Kevin, and then Burt and Luke, darted off around the sinkhole, and descended the slope on the other side. I followed. The deer made a noises like a human infant. Joe was furiously accusing Burt. "Why the hell did you touch it? I told you not to! You shouldn't have fuckin' touched it!" Burt's voice was shaky. He weakly defended himself, and tried to joke. "I been deer hunting twenty times, never got a thing. The one time I kill a deer, it's an accident," he said. I felt sorry for him. The deer didn't make any more of those noises, which was a good thing.

We got to the deer, and stood around it, asking each other what to do. Joe and I crouched to examine it. The air down there, near the cave mouth, was very cool. The deer was not obviously injured, not bleeding or contorted, but it couldn't stand up or raise its head. Somebody suggested we just leave it, and maybe it would be okay. Someone else suggested we take it to somebody. I lifted its head, but it couldn't hold it up. Someone suggested that we just kill it. I was glad somebody said it, because I felt guilty that it had crossed my mind. Joe said no. "Are we gonna smash its head with a rock?" he said. We all knew none of us could do that. Joe suggested that we take it to the ranger station at Little Mammoth. I took off Luke's denim jacket and laid it on the ground, and Joe and I lay the deer on it. It still struggled weakly as I picked it up against my chest. We headed back for the truck. Joe was still fuming. Burt looked sick.

Once back in the Cherokee, I sat in the middle seat with the deer on my lap, where it lay still. I laid its head on my arm. Joe, who had driven too fast on the one lane dirt roads on the way here, was frighteningly reckless on the way to the ranger station. He drove over hills at fifty miles an hour, oblivious to the possibility of oncoming traffic just out of sight. Nobody talked. Periodically, I tried to tell if the deer was still breathing, but the bumpiness of the roads made it impossible. Despite Joe's driving, time crawled by at a snail's pace. From where I sat I could see Joe, our brave leader, in the rearview mirror, and he looked as if he was about to cry. From time to time, he rubbed his eyes. I desperately hoped that he wouldn't cry.

We arrived at the ranger station, in sight of old Mr. Krueger's trailer. Joe got out and brought over the park ranger, a muscular, friendly young man. Joe did most of the talking, relating the story while I sat with the deer on my lap. He said he'd examine it. I gently handed it to him. He lay it on the ground on out of my sight. He stood and came over to the sliding door. "No good. It's dead," he said with some regret. If anybody was surprised, they didn't show it. Joe said we could take it back with us and throw it in the woods. The ranger said no, because he had to make an official report of any animal killed in the area, and dispose of it himself. He carried it around behind the building as we left.

We drove back to the cave, and went in as we'd planned. We entered and found that just inside, the ceiling dipped so low that it met the two feet of chilly, standing water there. We hunted for an exit and found none, and then walked back past the truck to the other path. It led to a similar, shallower sinkhole. That was the real entrance to Krueger's cave. Exploring it was fun, because it was, after all, what we'd come for. But there was a sense of stupid futility to our effort to explore the cave. I couldn't escape the feeling that we humans were clumsy brutes, destroying things of real value and beauty just by being in the wrong place at the wrong moment. Not always with bulldozers or harpoons or factory farms, but sometimes just by being curious, and not thinking fast enough.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BEN WEASEL... THE BEWILDERED PUNK, WHO IS HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF PAUL THINK "THROWING A PIE AT HIM!"
THE BURLY GUY... SPECIAL AGENT OF THE BUREAU OF RANDOM GUYS WHO KNOWS ALL TOO WELL THE TORMENTS PAUL MUST ENDURE AND IS POWERLESS TO STOP HIM!
THIS ISN'T A HAPPY TALE... IT'S THE TRAGIC STORY OF HOW A MAN BECAME TRAPPED BY A FLAW IN HIS CHARACTER! IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU OR ANY BODY ELSE WHO IS...

GUN HAPPY

by Jason Useless and Steve

As you all know, this rag originates in St. Louis, MO, and calls itself *Trouble In River City*. But Thanksgiving weekend, the real trouble was in the Windy City, Hog Butcher to the World: Chicago.

We drove up with some of our pals to hang out with some of the Underdog people and go to the grand opening of the Dummyroom, Joey Vindictive's record, video, and t-shirt shop. To celebrate the store's opening, Vindictive had set up an all day, eighteen band, one-dollar show next door at Isabel's Grand Finale, still somewhat trashed from the infamous MDC show in June. We got there around 4 pm; four of the bands had already played, and things were at a sort of lull since one of the bands had canceled.

We milled around in the tiny Dummyroom waiting for Los Crudos to play their 4:30 slot. Suddenly, the calm was shattered by an abrupt cry of "Fuck you, Ben!" or words to that effect. We looked up to see Paul Think bolt out of the store, an angry Ben Weasel hot on his heels.

For those who aren't too familiar with the players in this little drama, let us explain: Paul Think is an anarchist rapper closely affiliated with the organization Collective Chaos. Ben Weasel and Joey Vindictive are frontmen for two pretty popular Chicago pop-punk bands. Neither is lacking enemies in the Chicago scene, but perhaps because of their greater success, more people are willing to make excuses for Ben and Joey. Paul is especially disliked in certain circles. Anyway, if it wasn't already apparent, Ben and Joey hate Paul, and vice versa.

Now look sharp, because here it starts to get complicated. Ben and Paul carried their chase all the way down the block into a busy nearby intersection. Numerous onlookers (Jason included) followed, and by the time Ben had control of Paul, Joey Vindictive and a couple of confederates were on the scene. Ben was barking to the others to get Paul's mace out of his pocket, which Paul had apparently sprayed in Ben's eyes. As Ben and Joey hauled Paul nelson-style back to the club, Joey shouted invective, squirted Paul with the mace, and at one point tossed Paul's hat over a fence. Meanwhile Paul was protesting his macing and shouting that "it was a fucking joke." Evidently, the incident that sparked all this (back in the Dummyroom, that is) was Paul throwing a pie at Ben.

The group reached the front of the club, and Ben and company shoved Paul up against a car. Paul, whose glasses had fallen off, was pleading for someone to get him some water for his eyes, repeating that "it was only a joke". Ben took the opportunity to take some cheap shots at Paul's back. Joey said something like, "Do you think this is funny?", and started squirting mace in Paul's eyes,

to Paul's obvious agony. A couple burly guys, who had helped Ben apprehend Paul, now interceded to stop Joey from macing Paul. Joey then turned his attention to calling the police from a cordless phone.

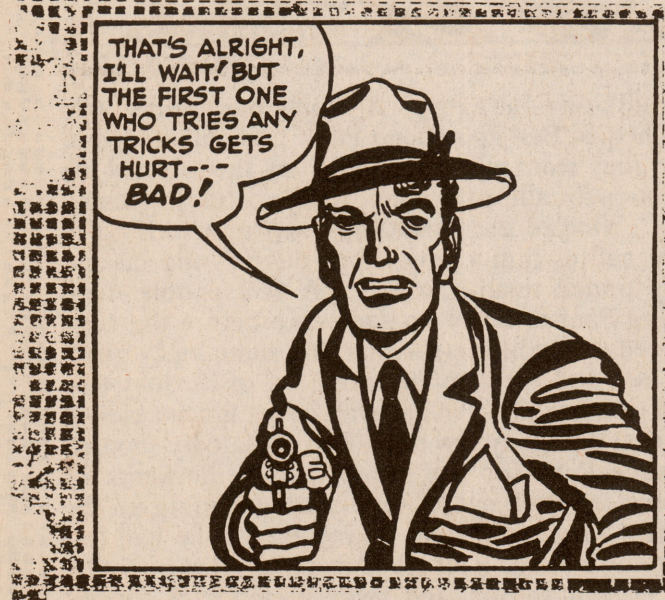
One of the burly guys was now yelling at Joey, calling him a "cop-happy pussy," and he and Joey traded insults briefly. A few people were telling Paul to hurry up and leave before the cops arrived (including Jason and that same burly guy), but Ben and Joey would have none of it. Joey told Paul to either sit down and wait or get his ass kicked the next time Joey saw him. Ben repeatedly shouted to save Paul for the cops. After moments of confusion, Paul and a friend started trotting up the block. Jason followed, asking Paul if he had left anything behind. Paul asked that his jacket be found and brought to him, and Jason turned back toward the club.

Meanwhile, things had gotten pretty testy between Joey and the aforementioned burly guy, and Joey seemed to have completely forgotten Paul. The burly guy was yelling at Joey, telling him he was the biggest pussy he had ever met, and that he was "real tough when the other guy can't see." Joey threatened that he could kick the guy's ass, and the exchange degenerated into shouted threats. After a

minute or two of this, the burly guy got sick of it and started walking up the street. The guy had gotten about thirty feet away, still exchanging threats and insults with Joey, when Joey pulled a small automatic pistol out of his jacket and brandished it at him. The crowd immediately fanned out, backing against the club and down the street. The burly guy calmly threw up his arms and said something along the lines of, "Go ahead and shoot me," while a group of Joe's friends descended on him and got him to put the gun away.

After a few bewildered moments, a bouncer-type came out of Isabel's and told everybody to get inside the club. Nobody argued, and the sidewalk cleared. A few minutes later, Los Crudos played an absolutely raging set, short but punk as all hell. When they had finished, a lot of people went back outside the club for air, and were met by police officers who refused to let anyone back in until things "cooled down." Not wanting to stick around in the dark, stifling club, we went outside, hoping that we would be let back in. After about fifteen minutes, the crowd outside the club had swelled into the street, and the police ordered everybody to disperse. The show was shut down. We left and got something to eat.

So what are we left with? Well, there's no real good guy here, just stupid assholes to varying degrees. However, one thing is clear: had it not been for the gunplay, the whole thing would have been a relatively minor episode, even given the spectacle of America's Number One Punk Rock Hero taking cheap swings at an obviously subdued target and holding him down for his pal to mace.



Granted, slinging a pie at Ben Weasel is asinine, and downright stupid at a show where dozens of his friends are in attendance. However, there is no fucking excuse for holding a guy against a car, punching him, and squirting mace in his eyes while he screams at you to stop it, just because he "winged a Ho-Ho at him", to use the words of RobRoy Campbell. We don't care if Paul and Ben have been talking shit about each other, or if Ben is over-concerned for his safety because he is such a high-

profile figure. I'm sure the cops who beat Rodney King to pulp thought that they had been through a lot of shit that night, and just wanted to teach the guy a lesson.

On the issue of Joey Vindictive pulling the gun, well, shit like that pretty much speaks for itself. That is the sort of infantile, macho garbage that ruined shows and scenes ten or thirteen years ago. All it took to mar months of planning and hours of effort by Joey, his friends and the bands was one guy questioning Joey's manhood. (Which, by the way, was in no way proven by pulling a gun.) Vindictive is a good stagename for Joey, but Deranged, Cowardly, Brutal, or Trigger-Happy might be more appropriate. Or perhaps he should simply be known as "Tex."

There will probably be many accounts of this little episode, so let us add ours to the pile. A darkly ironic postscript to the whole mess was provided by Ben's next Maximum Rocknroll column, which appeared after the incident but was written before it. I couldn't help but chuckle as Ben took on the role of the punk scene's Jiminy Cricket, bemoaning, of all things, punk's loss of its sense of humor! This from a guy who beat up somebody for engaging in one of the most hackneyed shaggy dog gags in modern history! On a closing note, try to find someplace else in Chicago to buy punk records, but if you must go to the Dummyroom, wear some form of bulletproof armor, and keep any pies or pastries safely concealed. You wouldn't buy records from a cop, so why buy them from people that act like them?

the lost art of HECKLING

a Beginner's guide

by Jason Useless

As anyone who's seen The Decline of Western Civilization knows, heckling (that is, hurling gratuitous assholism at the band on stage) can lend a fun air to shows and throw an exciting monkeywrench into boring professionalism (too common these days). Unfortunately, most fans are content to remain just that -- fans. Well, why? Raising your voice a little between songs can be fun and elevates you to more than just another face out on the floor.

A Note on Ethics

Some may say that it's not fair to heckle bands who are just up there trying to express themselves and share ideas and who are scared and nervous and just want to communicate blah, blah, blah . . . Well, if you think this way, turn the page right now, since you obviously take everything (especially yourself) way too seriously to appreciate anything else in this piece. Besides, if bands can't take feedback from the audience, why should they bother dragging their sorry asses up onto a stage? Better that such people should stay in their basements, garages and private parties and have their asses kissed by their friends in the same boring old audience/star ritual that this whole DIY punk thing was supposed do demolish.

tee-hee-hee!

guffaw!!!

ha! ha! ha!

Having said that, there are certain lines that are crossed only by the true dunderhead. Hearing some nimrod shout "Pussies!" "Faggots!" "Bitches!" etc. only serves to let everyone know what a moron the heckler is, and gives more worthwhile heckling a bad name. In addition to being tired and witless, such comments are just plain dumb.

The Science and the Art

Above all, the heckler must be funny. This basically boils down to (A) just being a really funny person or (B) using your brain before you use your mouth. Avoid such bits of "humorous" offal as farting noises and "Beavis and Butt-Head"-style catchphrases; try something at least a little fresher and wittier. Loudly threatening a band with death if they continue playing never fails to win a few chuckles.

As in all forms of comedy, timing is a major factor. There will be times when you come up with a really stinging barb, then realize that the perfect moment for it has passed. Well, my advice is: let it go. There will be others. Many a time have I missed the right time and tried to use the joke a song or two later. Big failure.

Another thing that may discourage some: you must be loud. Fortunately, this can be developed over time. Don't give up too quickly just because you have a soft voice. The size of the venue obviously makes a difference, as well: it's harder to be heard at Mississippi Nights than at Bastille's.

Some Old Favorites

While the mark of a good heckler is flexibility, there are nonetheless several time-tested winners that can be utilized in a variety of situations.

1) "Less talk, more rock!" Good for anytime a band does excessive fucking-around between songs; great for when a band member holds up the show with boring anecdotes or half-wit observational humor.

2) "Show us your tits!" for all-male bands or "Show us your dick!" for all-female ones. Turn the sexist cock rock cliche on its ear.

3) "Let's fight!" Because what the fuck does *that* mean?

4) "Play `Six-Pack'!" Absolutely tailor-made for excessively serious, pretentious, arty bands. Ideally the band would get the joke and go ahead and play it, but it's doubtful that any such band would.

5) "Break up!" Free copy of this 'zine to anyone who can come up with a more disheartening piece of unsolicited advice to offer a band. And funny, too!

6) "Are you still in the closet?" Shout this one at the next sXe hardass fest to any "intense, angry" lead singer and watch the guffaws fly.

Get Out There and Heckle!!

Well, you're on your own now. Hopefully, many more of our kind will flood the clubs, garages, etc., slinging bratty goofiness at the bands and just adding more fun to the world. One more thing: the best heckling is done in a semi-friendly manner, with a band who can play along. Now get out there and shoot your mouth off!!

CHUCKLE! SNORT!

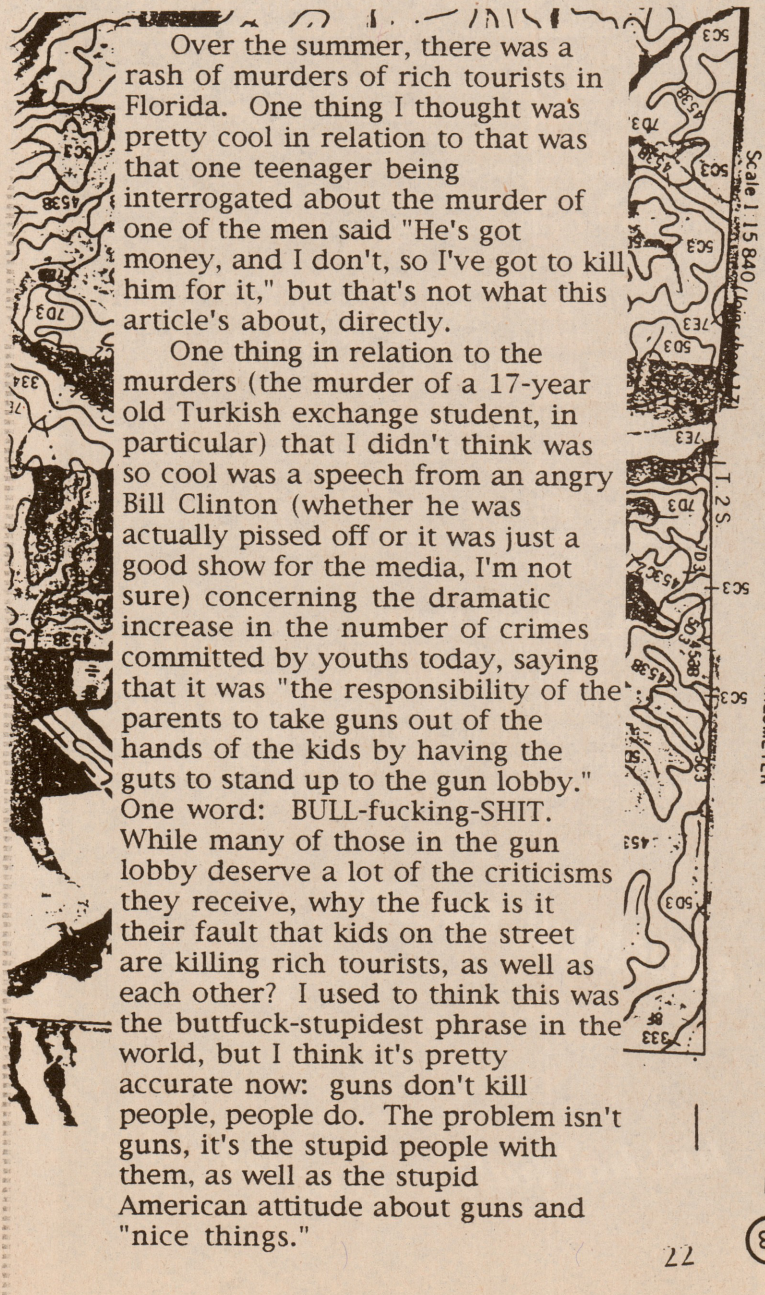
giggle!

ha! ha! ha!

tee-hee-hee!

GUNS: GOD-GIVEN RIGHT OR SOCIAL PLAGUE?

by George del Baño



Over the summer, there was a rash of murders of rich tourists in Florida. One thing I thought was pretty cool in relation to that was that one teenager being interrogated about the murder of one of the men said "He's got money, and I don't, so I've got to kill him for it," but that's not what this article's about, directly.

One thing in relation to the murders (the murder of a 17-year old Turkish exchange student, in particular) that I didn't think was so cool was a speech from an angry Bill Clinton (whether he was actually pissed off or it was just a good show for the media, I'm not sure) concerning the dramatic increase in the number of crimes committed by youths today, saying that it was "the responsibility of the parents to take guns out of the hands of the kids by having the guts to stand up to the gun lobby." One word: BULL-fucking-SHIT. While many of those in the gun lobby deserve a lot of the criticisms they receive, why the fuck is it their fault that kids on the street are killing rich tourists, as well as each other? I used to think this was the buttfuck-stupidest phrase in the world, but I think it's pretty accurate now: guns don't kill people, people do. The problem isn't guns, it's the stupid people with them, as well as the stupid American attitude about guns and "nice things."

Not too long ago, in a discussion with some people about this subject, someone suggested that it seems logical to limit the number of gins one can buy within a certain period of time (I think the limit suggested was 5 guns a month or something like that). Sure, it seems logical--nobody needs to buy more than five guns a month. But what would that do? Allegedly, this to cut down on the number of people selling guns in the black market to people who can't buy guns legally. Right. I'm sure that'll put a real dent in killings on the street. If somebody really wants a gun, they'll get it regardless of the laws. Prohibition accomplishes nothing, as anybody who knows anything about the prohibition of alcohol earlier in this century, or anybody alive today in America (re. currently illegal drugs), knows. Guns are no different from drugs--somebody wants them, they'll get them somehow, even if it means stealing them.

Which brings me to another point: the majority of guns on the streets (owned by "criminals") are stolen from "law abiding" citizens. You might claim that this is all the more reason why people shouldn't be able to buy guns. Well, I know that if guns were outlawed, even those who have guns now would go to illegal means to get them. I know many people personally (family members, especially) who would do

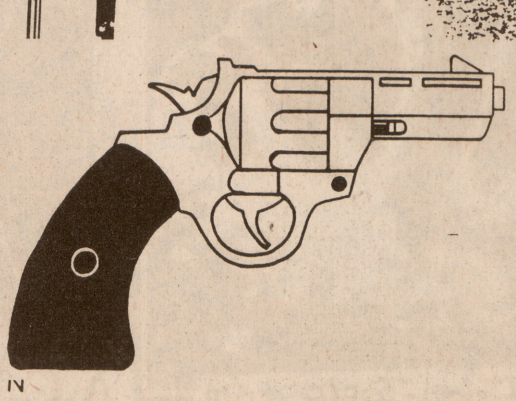
so. Guns are so ingrained into American society that it is almost un-American not to have one. Another interesting thing about violence and murders in America is that most murders aren't even committed with guns. Of course, there isn't a large "Ban the butcher knife!" movement in America, now is there?

One big problem I have with people rambling about the benefits of banning guns or whatever is that it inherently assumes trustworthiness on the part of the government. I don't know about any of you, but I do NOT trust the government any further than I absolutely have to, in any situation. Power corrupts, and the US government is practically absolutely powerful, what with the influence they have in the UN and in relations with other nations in general. The people in America (well, most, anyway) have never had the army break in their house and arrest them for sedition (although I predict this will be pretty close to the norm within 25 or so years, but that's a different article), and they accept the intimidation and oppression of the state now (propaganda, increasing police presence on the streets, police randomly stopping people one the street, searching them, and photographing them for their files, in direct violation of the Fourth Amendment) in the name of personal security. Therefore, they will put up with and even support the elimination of their only means of protection against the police state: guns. You can dismiss me as a kook with that last statement, but I really don't think the government is to be trusted in any way, under any circumstances.

Now, this is not to say that I think the NRA is much better than those they are fighting against. It is my personal belief that a vast majority of the members of the NRA are reactionary rednecks who think capital punishment should be extended to include crimes like petty theft and trespassing and that lynch mobs and vigilantism should be the preferred law enforcement methods. But they do have their positive points.

People are always looking for a scapegoat to pin their problems on. I suppose the problem at hand for a lot of people is the constant increase in crime rates, particularly homicide. In their constant search for a new scapegoat, they've come up with patsies like drugs, which created the war on drugs (which hasn't done shit, as any jerkoff with half a brain will tell you), diminishing morals, single-parent families, and guns. Guns are the reason people are killing each other. If guns weren't around, we would have no problems, at least compared to what we have now. Whatever. People are just afraid to admit what the real problem is: capitalism.

Capitalism teaches that people can only achieve "success" for themselves, and that everyone is able to achieve this "success." Everyone is able to and should go out and work to make money and support themselves. This theory is fine for people who are in a position to go to college and "make something of themselves" (for those of you who are quick to attack "P.C.-ers", yes this does include me and the majority of my friends), but for people who are more concerned with getting food or having a place to stay, it's a little harder to go out and get a good job. Since capitalism isn't exactly the best means for teaching morals and integrity, they resort to illegal means to go out and "make something of themselves." There's a hell of a lot m ore money in thievery and drugs than a part-time job at McDonald's (or a full-time one, for that matter). guns are merely a symptom of the problem, not the problem itself.



SEPARATED AT BIRTH???

ET, The Extra-Terrestrial

His Divine Grace

A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda

Founder-*Ācārya* of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness

COLD SCANNIN'

con Georges del Bañ

(Disclaimer: SxEers, except for the two or three that I personally know, probably will not be able to relate a to a lot of this article, particularly the beginning--it's written from a non-SE viewpoint. Yes, there is stereotyping involved in this article, and I apologize if you are offended, but I am writing this, and stereotyping, from personal experience.)

Straightedge. For me, this term generally conjures up images of preachy, holier-than-thou 14-year-olds with shaved heads, wearing Doc Martens and Judge hooded sweatshirts moshing it up at a show where a boring as fuck hardcore/metal band is playing. I've just got one question: what the fuck happened?

new X school

Soon after I first heard Minor Threat, I started thinking that straightedge was kind of cool--that is, until I found out about the aforementioned SxE kids. Straightedge used to be about typical punks concerned about thinking and educating themselves, and they viewed drugs (legal and non-) and religion as things that were detrimental to thinking. Now in one of the biggest hypocritical shams ever, the biggest band still together in the straightedge movement are fucking HARE KRISHNAS, and their fans talk about how they hate punk. I don't care if you say that Krishna isn't a religion, cos it is, and a hypocritical one at that ("We aren't materialistic--now give us $8 to see us play." Fuck that shit.)

Straightedge has nothing to do with punk anymore. 7 Seconds, Government Issue, Youth Brigade--all had revolution songs. "It's summertime--American riot," "I'm sick of the way things are, it's about time that we had a change." The SxE kids of today are happy

XXX STRAIGHTEDGE WILL NEVER DIE XXX

little content rich kids who are glad things are as they are, as long as they can mosh it up in a pit at the show. They don't have reasons for not doing drugs--they just don't do them cos "they're bad", and they look down upon those who do use them. And then, by the time they're 17 or so, they're smoking or have become some jock/prep asshole. They've completely betrayed what straightedge used to be. No wonder Ian MacKaye and Kevin Seconds seem to distance themselves from SxE nowadays.

Straightedge is no longer punk, it's not about thinking anymore, it's not discontented youth trying to make some changes--nothing like that. It's a bunch of rich middle school kids being told by their friends that SxE is cool. So they put on the uniform, go to the shows, and prove how hard they are in the pit. And then they wonder why those who aren't straightedge dislike SxEers.

FAILURE

Some of you who may be straightedge are probably thinking to yourself that I am just a drunken asshole who doesn't like being told the risks involved in drugs or whatever--I'm not. I, myself, am substance free, but I won't call myself straightedge because I hate what it has become--I hate the associations I have with it.

Well, that's pretty much all I wanted to say in this little rant. Fuck SxE as it is, I'm sorry that straightedge punk had to go by the wayside for SxE hardcore shit.

The Supreme Personality of Godhead said:

One who is factually convinced of this opulence and mystic power of Mine engages in unalloyed devotional service; of this there is no doubt.

Well, Georges, I would have to agree with most of the points you made in your harangue. I do take issue with a few things though:

First, regardless of your disclaimer, I think it's possible to generalize (discuss common features in a group) without stereotyping (creating a fixed, unvarying image), but you do the latter. You would be annoyed if someone put you in a labeled category because you're 19, like punk, and wear boots.

Also, you point out the fact that many SxEers are of a rather tender age ("middle school", to use your words). I agree that many SxEers are fairly young, but you seem to suggest that SxE should be taken less seriously because of its average adherent's age. The same has been said of punk, and all the youth-oriented countercultures which preceded it. I know that you, of all people, hate being told, "When you grow up, you'll grow out of it."

by Bhakta Steve

I am the source of all spiritual and material worlds. Everything emanates from Me. The wise who perfectly know this engage in My devotional service and worship Me with all their hearts.

Criticisms aside, on to the topic of Krishna Consciousness, and "spiritual" hardcore, which I'd like to take a swing at. I think "one of the biggest hypocritical shams ever" sums it up well. Straightedge was not originally limited to not using drugs, but, in a broader sense was about not fucking up your ability to think independently. A lot of people like to quote Minor Threat on the topic, as if their first album was the 10 commandments of SxE. Which, it would seem, is the sort of thing a lot of people were looking for, and why Krishna-core caught on.

Most anti-Krishna tirades I've seen in zines amount to "You and your dumb religion are fucking up our scene," which is fine and good, but only the half of it. Most people don't really know much about Krishna "consciousness". Not that I'm an expert on the subject, but more people should learn about this supposedly innocuous faith.

Krishna claims (as all religions do) that it's right. Also, it isn't a "religion", because it's actual spiritual truth. Kiss the lotus feet of Krishna, chant daily, and don't ask any questions. The Bhagavad-Gita (supposedly 140 million years old) is the final word on universal reality. Everything there is to know is in the Gita, so nobody needs to read anything else; your observations and thoughts are null and void. Science and philosophy are worthless because they aren't "spiritual", and haven't been around as long as the Gita. A four caste system is the ideal way to run a society, with the Vedic scholars giving the orders. And, best of all, since everybody is reincarnated in a form determined by karma from past lives, then everybody gets what they deserve. To quote bhakta Ray of Shelter fame: "Why does one guy get born in Cambodia with nothing to eat, while another guy gets born with a silver spoon in his mouth? It seems a little unfair, but nothing's unfair. It's all just." If you were born starving in Cambodia, then it's because you had too much "illicit" sex, used drugs, or didn't manifest enough devotion to Krishna in your last life.

The thoughts of My pure devotees dwell in Me, their lives are fully devoted to My service, and they derive great satisfaction and bliss from always enlightening one another and conversing about Me.

Krishna consciousness packages itself as an uplifting alternative to everyday, western life, but it's just another set of mental shackles, with a firm set of rules, and a supreme authority to worship before. It encourages thought and discussion only as long as it doesn't question Krishna doctrine.

As far as SxE is concerned: yeah, a six pack of beer will put you in a pretty sorry mental and physical state for a few hours, but religious (or political) indoctrination can leave you fucked for life. If there's anything to "just say no" to, Krishna's it.

To those who are constantly devoted to serving Me with love, I give the understanding by which they can come to Me.

Georges -

I am writing this letter concerning your column about straight-edge in TIRC #5. My name is Ben Scholle. I am eighteen years old and part of the straight-edge hardcore scene that you criticized. I will not attempt to disagree with some of your points, but in reading your column, I was disappointed by the way you went about your criticism.

Your stereotyping of all straight-edgers as self-righteous, insincere, moshin', 14-year-olds is understandable – not correct, but understandable. When I was in high-school and was unfamiliar with punk and hardcore, I thought that "punk" meant one of those Sid Vicious clones that came to school stoned everyday and whose vocabulary consisted only of the words "Fuck You." Since then, I have learned that the majority of punks care about thinking and changing things more than they care about purposeless "rebellion." I will not deny that there are far too many moshin' 14-year-olds in straight-edge, however, that is not all we are.

When I think of what straight-edge is to me, I think of all of the people I know across the country who are concerned with self-improvement – not self-righteousness. These are the people who are actually involved with the scene rather than the ones who go to shows to hang out or beat on people in a pit. Just like the 14-16 year old punks, the 14-16 year old straight-edgers often grow up to be contributing, sincere members of the scene.

Really, the things you criticize in straight-edge are also present in punk. What percentage of early punk rockers do you think actually understand the lyrics of their first punk record? Are there no punk kids who are from the suburbs and couldn't care less about changing anything? You mentioned the "uniform" of straight-edge (hooded sweatshirt, size 40 cut-off pants, wallet chain, etc.); I don't like the fashion aspect of hardcore at all. Personally, I dress pretty much the same way I always have. It's true that people will latch on to something and feel the need to turn it into a fashion. Some of these people also care about the rest of the movement, and some are interested only in the latest trend. My question to you is can you possibly accuse straight-edge of being fashion oriented and deny that there is also punk fashion?

There are countless aspects of straight-edge that I would like to change. I agree that the things you criticize are bad. I too criticize the lack of substance (no pun intended) and meaning in so much of the straight-edge scene. The difference between our criticisms is that I try to be constructive, while you, as it said at the top of your column, are merely "cold joanin'."

If I lived in south-central Los Angeles, and I hated gangs, I don't think I would advocate bombing the entire area. I know that there are problems in straight-edge, but I also see potential. Believe it or not, at the core of the scene, there are actually a lot of people who care about improving themselves and the world around them. Of course, there will always be those who cling on to the fringe of the scene and make it into fashion or a trend. Some of those will not stay with the scene for very long, and some will later realize what straight-edge is – and always has been -- truly about.

I have referred to straight-edge and punk as separate scenes in this letter. The reason is to show how alike they are. Whether you like it or not, straight-edge is still a part of punk. If you look at the center of straight-edge, you will still find the do-it-yourself methods of communication that define punk -- no matter what flaws may surround it. Please do not condemn straight-edge; instead, help us to correct it.

Thank you,

Ben Scholle / 34 Hannum Drive / Apt. 1D / Ardmore, PA / 19003

Ben,

I never advocated (as you say) the elimination of SxE as a whole. I think SxE can be a very positive force for change in the underground music scene. I just think that people put way too much emphasis on the drugs/morality aspect of SxE and forget of focus on trying to change society's problems. This doesn't include everyone, granted, but a huge proportion of SxE-ers fall into this category, being much more interested in the fashion/music/"I'm-cooler-than-you-cos-I-don't-do-drugs" aspect of the scene.

Also, I completely agree that there is a punk fashion that many people get caught up in. I attack people in punk for it, too. It just seems much more prevalent among SxE-ers to get caught up in fashion and moshing than punks, and then, at 18, reject SxE as a stupid kid thing and start smoking, drinking beer, and watching football on TV.

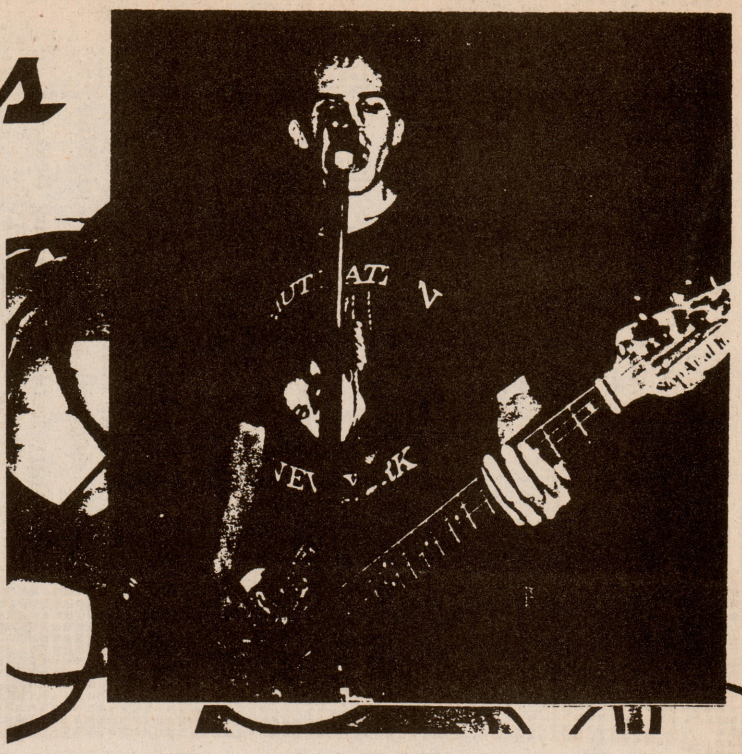
And, yes, SxE is a part of punk, but I think it would be much more productive if SxE-ers didn't give up the underground at 18.

Any disses I direct towards SxE also apply to some punks, I'll agree. My experiences, though, indicate that it is much more common in SxE in particular than in punk in general. My view of people rejecting SxE includes people who "find God" or Krsna or whatever else, also. To me, buying into a religion is buying into the system. Call me a cynic.

One last thing: I think that "cold joanin'" at least leads to positive changes. One has to recognize that there is a problem with something before that problem can be corrected. I'm more than happy to help correct problems I see with anything, but they have to be pointed out as problems before that can be done.

– Georges

the Queers



interview by Jason Useless

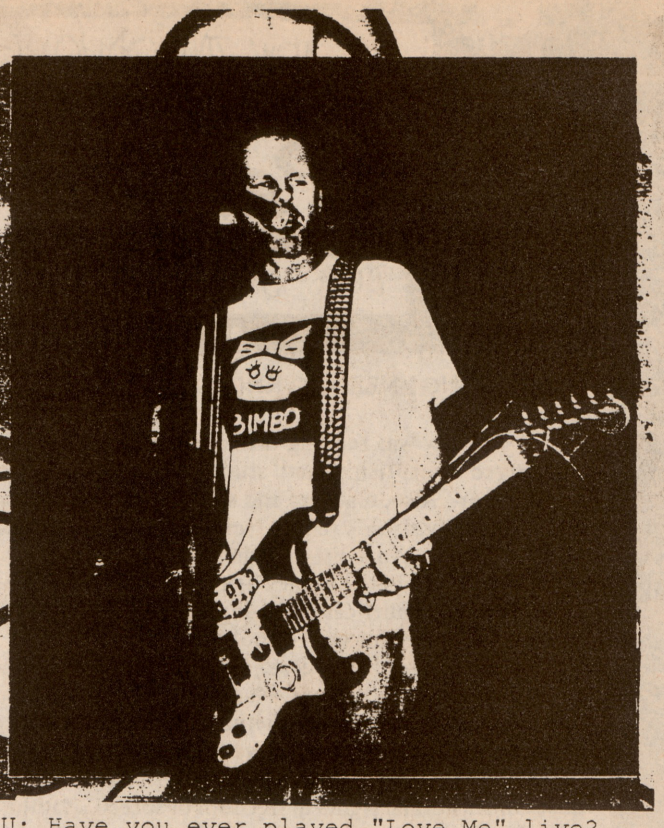
For around thirteen years now, New Hampshire's Queers have been cranking out lowlife anthems set to catchy, simple punk rock. On October 1 they paid St. Louis a visit with a half-hour set at Bastille's. Despite some unpleasant misunderstandings between one of the band members and your humble chronicler, I was able to turn on my irresistible charm and get them to open up, however briefly, until they continued on their cranky drunk way to Chicago. The following interview is presented not as a discrete whole, but instead as a set of conversational vignettes revealing the depth and insight of these unique artists.

U: Jason Useless -- Q: Joe Queer, guitar and vocals -- B: B-Face, bass -- J: Jay, drums

U: I guess the first question ~~would be -~~ and this is addressed to each of you individually - when was the first time you ever saw a dead body and how did it affect you, both as a person and as a musician?
Q: I've only seen a couple of dead bodies . . . The first one I think I saw was when I was living in New York City, there was a dead body out in the street, at the intersection. This dead black guy, he got gunned down, so, I don't know, I was kind of spooked. I left. I moved home after that.
U: How old were you?
Q: I don't know how old I was, like fuckin 20 or something like that. It was a while ago.
U: I'm 19, and I have yet to see my first body outside of a funeral, which may account for why I'm so boring.
Q & B: No, no, I don't think so. . .
U: OK, well, how about you?
B: Outside of funerals, I haven't seen any, actually . . .
Q: We're gonna see a dead body. It's gonna be about this tall and it's gonna be by the name of Jay, our drummer. It's gonna be after the tour.

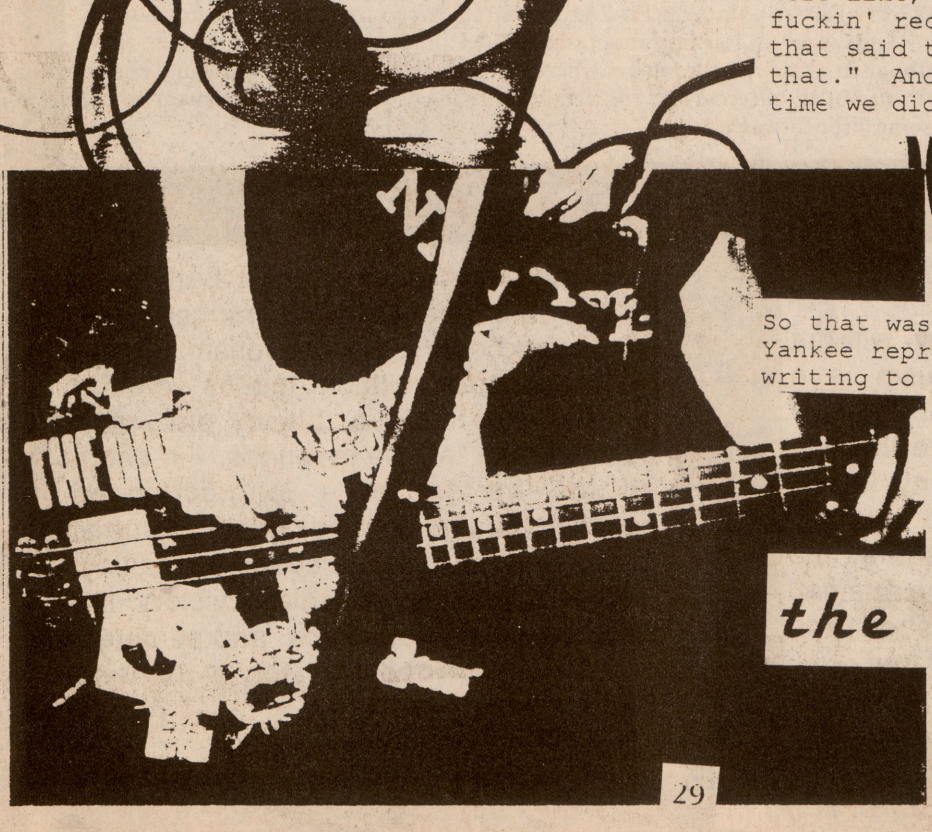
U: How's the, uh, tour, uh, going anyway?
Q: Pretty good, this is only, like . . . what's this, B-Face, our--?
B: Fourth.
Q: Fourth show. We didn't set up the first week, the Slobs set it up, so some of it's kind of fucked up. They did shit booking the tour that we wouldn't have.
U: Like what--playing here?
Q: No, not playing here. Just making sure that shows are flyered . . .
B: Cincinnati was alright . . .
Q: Just little shit. After this, it's pretty solid, though.

U: So do you guys identify more with "What's Happening?", "Good Times", or "Diff'rent Strokes"?
(looooong pause)
Q: "Good Times" and "Diff'rent Strokes", the TV programs?
U: Or "What's Happening?".
B: The TV programs?
U: Yes, "the TV programs."
B: "Good Times".
Q: What's "Diff'rent Strokes"?
U & B: With Gary Coleman.
B: "Good Times" is that old one, isn't it?
U: Uhh, yeah . . .
Q & B: (in perfect unison) With J.J.?
B: Okay--J.J., "Diff'rent Strokes" and what's the other one? "What's Happening?" I don't know that one.
Q: Definitely "Good Times".
U: You guys don't know "What's Happening?"
B: Joe probably does. I don't.
Q: No, I don't.
B: "Good Times" is alright . . . I like "All in the Family."
Q: Didn't J.J. say something like --
U: "Dyn-o-mite."
Q: "Dyn-o-mite." I was thinking "Yo, baby, what's up?" or something like that.
U: (disgusted) Alright, never mind . . .



U: Have you ever played "Love Me" live?
Q: No, I don't think so.
U: That's too bad.
J: I don't even know it.
U: What the fuck is that, anyway? Who is that guy?
B: One of Joe's roommates. Next door neighbor, actually, from, like, 10 years ago. Pappy.
U: And where did that text come from? Did he make that up, or--?
Q: No, that was off someone's shirt. We were like, "We need one more tune for this fuckin' record," and someone had a shirt that said that, and we're like, "Read that." And he did it. That was the only time we did it. We never rehearsed it.

U: So, what do you think of Communist straightedge as a concept?
B: Well, I'm sure they like to have a good time . . . jesus . . .



So that was that. You can reach these Yankee reprobates (at your own risk) by writing to

the Queers

AND NOW, INTRODUCING A NEW SECTION OF TIRC:

Parts Unknown

BKA, SHIT WE FELT GUILTY ABOUT LEAVING OUT

EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW (about fascist dictatorships) I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN
--eleanor

I recently was reading the school paper from my little sister's middle school, Classical Junior Academy, when I discovered a surprising fact: students have essentially no legal, constitutional rights from the moment they enter the school door. Also, teachers and school officials have more Gestapo-esque powers than police officers (legally, that is). Students at my sister's school had been complaining of "illegal locker searches" conducted by administrators and other school officials. An assistant principal type person wrote back in the paper, informing students basically that they must check in all rights to privacy at the school door, where they can pick them up on the way out at 2:10. Amazed, I researched the court cases sited in the article supporting the school's claim that they could search any student or the student's property for any (or no) reason.

Schools have (of course) a long history of rules aimed at control of students. One of the first challenges to this control occurred in the late '60s. Three high school students were suspended from their Iowa school for wearing black arm bands in protest of the Vietnam War (obviously a dress code violation). In 1969, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the students. It did not, however bring into question the very nature of school dress codes as a violation of student rights. Instead, the Court viewed the arm bands as a method of freedom of speech, stating that students did not "shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech.....at the school house gates."

Since then, however, the courts have worked effectively in the opposite direction. The zenith of the more conservative decisions against student rights came in 1985, in the case of New Jersey v. T.L.O. In 1980, a junior high school student was accused of smoking in the bathroom. When school officials searched her, they found marijuana in her purse and called the police. The police, mind you, could not have searched her with out good, strong evidence of drug possession. The girl, called T.L.O. to protect her identity, took the school to court. In 1985, the Supreme Court ruled that although school officials had no "probable cause" to believe she had committed any crime, teachers and school officials needed only "reasonable grounds" to search any student, the student's purse, book bag, locker, or any other possession of the student's on school grounds. (Legislation is currently being passed in several states that would give school officials the power to search students' cars.) The Court stated that, while the Fourth Amendment protects citizens from illegal searches by police officers, this basic rights is not shared by students.

At first, I was rather shocked by this knowledge, but then I began to think about other constitutional rights that are routinely infringed upon while we are all at school: freedom of speech, freedom of the press, right to a trial by a jury of one's peers--the list goes on and on. As Jerry Farber points out in *The Student As Nigger*, our public school system "makes democracy unlikely." How can students grow up learning about our wonderful, democratic country when they are taught all of this from some bland textbook in a fascist environment where the teacher's word is god and you'd better stay in a nice straight line or you'll have to sit out all of recess and you can be searched down to your underwear when ever they suspect you might have stolen some girl's $5 watch.

Anarchy, Anarchism, and Anarchists

Anarchy is a state of society without government or law. Anarchism is a political theory that opposes all forms of government. Anarchists believe that the highest attainment of humanity is the freedom of the individual to express himself/herself. They believe that the perfection of humanity will not be attained until all government is abolished and each individual is left absolutely free.

by -FUNK-

Open revolution on the battle-field means sure defeat and another century of misery and oppression; terrorism, though preferable to revolution, means years of demoralizing intrigue, bloody plot, base passion, and terrible revenges, - in short, all the horrors of a long-continued national vendetta, with a doubtful issue at the end; Liberty means certain, unhalting, and comparatively bloodless victory, the dawn of the sun of justice, and perpetual peace and prosperity for a hitherto blighted land.

by -Berney-

by Anonymous

I know half of you out there are saying something right about now about how it's impossible to be a true nonconformist, or maybe there are a few of you socialist types out there saying that individuality is bad, etc. (that's not really a shot at socialists in general, just something many of them say), but I really don't give a shit so shut the fuck up.

I'll be the first to admit that I have my conformist traits, that I follow certain paths/groups/ideologies, etc., that have their conformist elements. I mean, I DO generally refer to myself as a punk when asked to classify myself, although I think punk is general enough not to really have much in particular to conform to. Okay, I have had a mohawk, I am an anarchist, and I wear army boots (leather, unfortunately--something I plan to rectify in the near future). These are three punk conformist things. Like I said, I DO have conformist traits, and in our society I also think it's impossible not to. But I also think it's fucking stupid to TRY to conform, especially to the mainstream world. In writing this article, I intend to attack stupid fucks who waste their entire lives trying to "fit in" and trying to keep "in step with the times" and other such garbage. I'm going to relate the story of a certain person whom I've realized for a while was like this, but I never really got all that upset with it until this certain person became a fucking absent-minded, drunken slut.

I'll start back when this person was 16, and her parents died. Having grown up in a nearly perfect suburban household, she always expected it to be that way. I say "nearly perfect" for two reasons. One, throughout her childhood, she was constantly teased and tickled and abused verbally by her three brothers; while this is common, usually harmless behavior by siblings, it left lasting emotional scars, and this sort of drove her toward peer acceptance at school. Two, her father, a former Marine and Boy Scout leader for poor kids in the projects, was a drunk who liked to abuse his wife. She moved in with an aunt and uncle following her parents' deaths, and continued this fairly wealthy, suburban "perfect home/kid" image. Seemingly perfectly normal, she married, had kids, and eventually got an okay job, and was able to live comfortably with her husband for a while. The entire time, she was obsessed with peer acceptance and fitting in to the latest trends, and liked to carry that over to her kids when she could afford it. Even for a while after that, the kids went along with it, and it was a perfectly happy family of four, living pretty comfortably in a nice part of the city (the goal was to eventually move back into the nice, neat, normal, white rich suburbs).

Then something happened to disrupt this. One day, her son began to develop his own ideas about life and individuality and equality, etc. He started to realize that religion was a load of crap, he started to realize that life wasn't the perfect, beautiful, serene Hollywood movie that he had been taught it was. He started to see the US, school, the military, the church, social standards and society in general for what they really were. This was due to his burgeoning interest in punk music and politics. She awoke one day to see that her son had shaved certain parts of his head, and almost passed out. This wasn't what she had envisioned in her perfect, Brady Bunch world. This wasn't what happened in nice families.

Suddenly the beautiful life she had planned out for herself wasn't working out quite the way she wanted. But she could work around it. After all, it was only a phase he was going through. He'd stop doing it soon. But it didn't stop. Then, money began to get a little tighter, due to lack of business for herself and her husband. The kids (both of them by this time) realized that school was a load of pointless busy work, so they stopped working. Grades were at or near failing. Oh, God, Wally Cleaver always worked hard in school--what happened? Take a drink--maybe that'll help. It'll calm the nerves, kind of take your mind off things. Mmmm, that's better, now isn't it? Things weren't as perfect as they were supposed to be, but alcohol took the edge off life. It helped so she didn't have to think about her punk rock son, or her daughter who seemed headed down a similar path, only a much worse one, because she was more assertive--had less tolerance for authority and putting up with shit handed down by fucks in power. Uh-oh, this was getting pretty bad. To top it off, as soon as she wasn't drunk anymore, she would remember all these terrible, horrible things happening to her and her family. Better drink more, and more often. On top of it all, it got harder and harder to keep up with the times, to fit in, as she got older. There was less to conform to. As most people got older, they gave up trying to keep in step with the times--they just sort of stuck with where they were, or found some other niche they liked, and stuck with it. Not her. No sir. It became a constant struggle to find out what was "in", and keep up with it. It was impossible at this point to keep this screwed-up family hidden. Her son shaved his head, for God's sake! What did other people think of her with this weird son? More and more pressure mounting on her. Damn. Her son was getting worse. Her daughter was doing the same. She began to go out and drink every goddamn night just to forget about all the crap. She couldn't drink that much in front of her husband--he might try to put a stop to it. It wasn't enough. She needed another outlet for this crap, this pressure, this shit that didn't fit anywhere in the definition of a nice family. Sex. Sure, she was married--fuck it, he'd never find out. Besides, she needed to get rid of this pressure. That would do it.

After doing this for a while (and venting frustration when she wasn't drunk or having sex with someone by yelling at her family about anything and everything), the family was broken up. She was asked to leave by her husband. NO! This didn't happen in "normal" families. "Normal" families didn't have problems like this. Damn. She went and lived by herself for a while, and then she convinced her daughter to live with her (after futile attempts to get her son to move in), the whole time continuing the same habits. Of course, now that she wasn't living with her husband anymore she could just drink at home--screw going out all the time to do it. And one man just wouldn't do any longer--several men would be necessary. Of course, she had to continue to keep up that normal, perfect woman image all the time. Yeah, life might not be normal like it should be, but she could pretend it was. Put up a front, act like it never bothered her--maintain a happy face until she could go home and drink and/or get fucked. Yes, that's the best way. Ignore problems as much as possible. "Be cheerful, fit it, for someone might think you're weird." (Dead Kennedys, 1982)

Well, I wish I had a real conclusion to this story, but I don't. I wish I could say that the woman realized her problems and got some help. Maybe I wish I could say that's it's great that she died before she got totally unbearable. But I can't say either of those things. This is a story playing out right now in good ol' St.

Louis. I wish it wasn't. I wish it wasn't playing out anywhere, ever. But it is. And I'm sure such a story isn't totally unique. And, in my opinion, a whole fuck of a lot of it is because of the need people see to fit in, or keep up with the times or whatever. People have to gain acceptance with how they look or how "normal" they are. People like me and my friends aren't accepted by much of the general populace as anything more than "freaks" (something I've been called numerous times by people at work both jokingly and seriously [the latter never to my face, though]). We are constantly fed a line about what a family should be, and what a "normal" person is, and all the benefits of fitting in, becoming a mindless, unoriginal part of the machine of society. We're constantly told the benefits of this kind of lifestyle, and you know what? It's a load of fucking crap!

And most people stupidly fall for it, like the woman in the tale above. There is nothing good going to come out of such a lifestyle. It may have some short-term benefits, but in the long run you're only fucking yourself over. The point is, all this crap people do to fit in and be cool and be where and what they are supposed to be does nothing but harm them. Fuck your bullshit rules and regulations, fuck your lies about what a person should be, fuck your standards of what people should do and how they should act, fuck your expectations of what kids should do in school (as well as what they should do after they get out of school), fuck your image-oriented world of lies and pretense where women all look like Demi Moore, sit at home in west fucking county baking cookies for the kids (who look like Jason Priestley and Jennifer Jason Leigh *(do I detect some prejudice at work here against a certain name?--your friendly Useless typist)*) when they get off school and all the men go out to their well-paying jobs at offices and come home in their Mercedes-Benzes to the two kids and dog to sit down to supper in the dining room with the family; fuck it all--I want no part of such bullshit.

In this society, satiated and rotten to the marrow of its bones, where all faiths are long since dead, where all sincere opinions appear ridiculous, in this *monde ou pon s'ennui* , where after having exhausted all forms of enjoyment they no longer know in what new fancy, in what fresh excess to seek novel sensations, there are people who lend a willing ear to the song of the Anarchist Siren. . . Decadent writers and artist are converted to Anarchism and propagate its theories in reviews. And this is comprehensible enough. One might wonder indeed if Anarchism, an essentially bourgeois doctrine, had not found adepts among the French bourgeoisie, the most *blasee* of all bourgeoisies.

by -Wet Troll-

Ants are as completely Socialistic as any community can possibly be, yet they put to death any ant which strays among them by mistake from a neighboring ant-heap. Men do not differ much from ants as regards their instincts in this respect, wherever there is a great divergence of race as between white men and yellow men.

by Ant-Man

A system of Anarchy in actual operation implies a previous education of the people in the principle of Anarchy, and that in turn implies such a distrust and hatred of interference that the only band of voluntary cooperators which could gain support sufficient to enforce its will would be that which either entirely refrained from interference or reduced it to a minimum.

by -Mr. Mydzpholik-

Society was instituted not for the sake of glory, not to furnish splendid materials for the page of history, but for the benefit of its members. The love of our country, if we would speak accurately, is another one of those specious illusions, which have been invented by impostors in order to render the multitude the blind instruments of their crooked designs.

by -GUY-

SAL GETS OLD

by Steve

As Sal came drifty out of slumbering depths, he strategized pal associations. Pausing for the wincings of Deke, he striding for the dwelt of Jim.

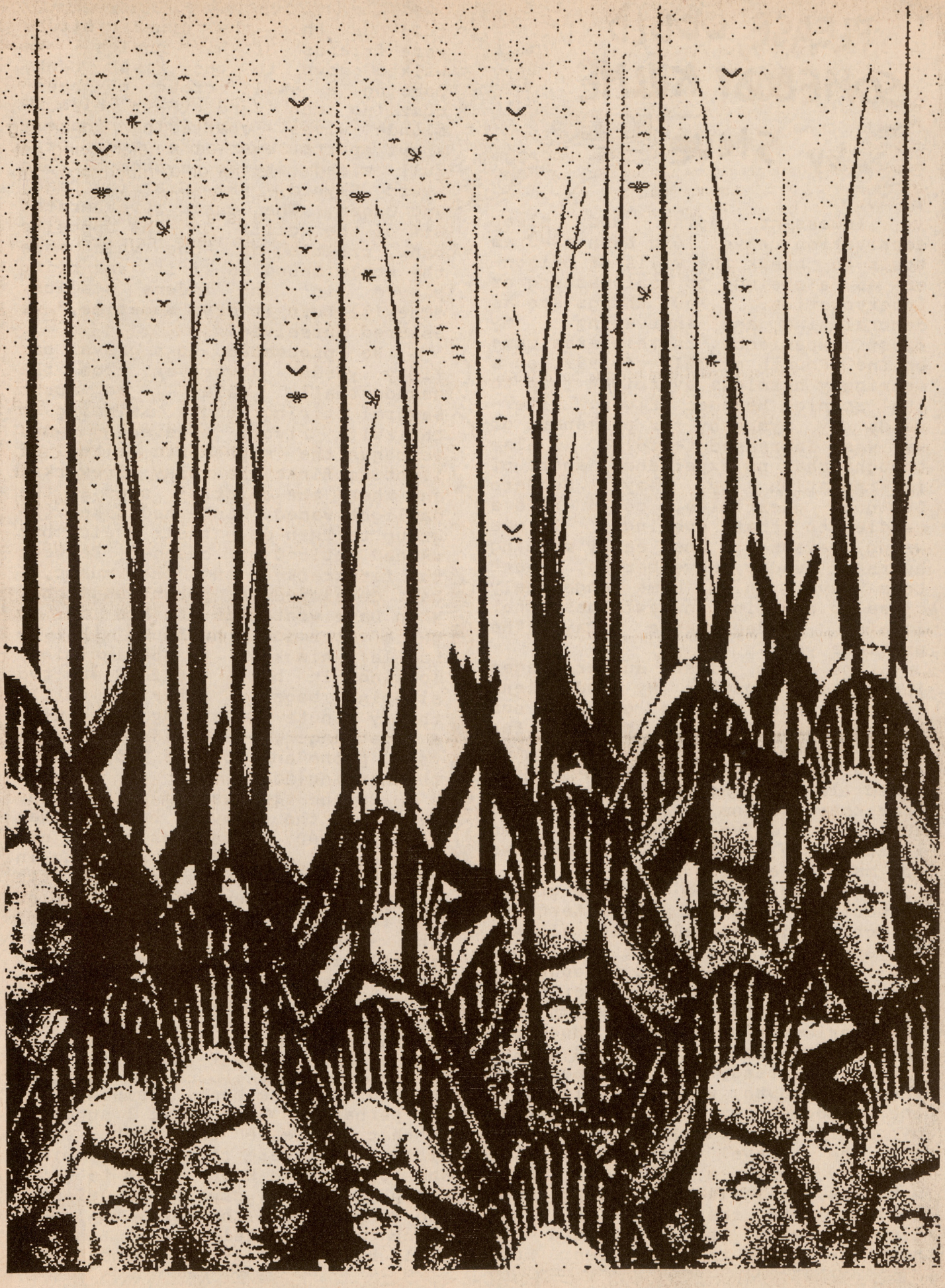
Gaining Jim's, occupancies bade him entrees. Sal greet as typical.

"How ye tricking, Hole Boy, you of wondrous sleeping?"

"Scarce on the whine, cousin. Adjourn to the box for a can?"

Sal agreed, spending his remainder in the merry grubbed presence of Jim, giving no ponder to greasy labor or securing green. And what a day it was, thought the both.

Then the author got sick of this Sal business and started using plain English.



PLEASE, WOULD SOMEBODY KILL ME

by Steve

Incessant noise and sleep deprivation have long been used as tools to break the wills of prisoners as a prelude to brainwashing or interrogation. Few things are as demoralizing and enervating. My first experience in this area came on the Fourth of July of 1992, on a seemingly harmless overnight trip to the scenic Meramec river. Afterwards my sympathy for prisoners of war was increased tenfold. I also thought that no experience, short of interrogation by, say, Sendero Luminoso guerrillas, could hold a candle to that evening. I was wrong, because in the early morning hours of Sunday, November 14, I went to a rave, which came dangerously close to equaling in awfulness that fateful Independence Day the previous year.

The trip last summer began innocently enough. My good friend Luke suggested that a group of our friends take leave of the city for July fourth to set off fireworks. His grandmother and several uncles owned land along the Meramec river that they seldom used; he proposed that we drive down with some fireworks, a tent, and marshmallows and make an evening of it.

When we arrived on his grandmother's land in the late afternoon, we noticed immediately that all was not as we had imagined it would be. The land was wooded, and through the trees we could see the river below majestic limestone bluffs which rose ten stories from the bank. However, instead of the soft sound of the river and steady hum of insects in the undergrowth, when we rolled down the windows our ears were pummeled by deafening classic rock. Parked on the gravel driveway of the property were a score of dusty vehicles, full-size pickups predominating. We realized with great disappointment that we would not have the place to ourselves. Luke told us that the other visitors were friends of his uncles. We walked down to the river bank, passing a small crowd of beer-guzzling men and their bleach-blonde wives, chattering inanely about sports over the roar of a full sized stereo system blaring Lynrd Skynrd, the Grateful Dead, and Queen. The music reverberated off of the cliff on the opposite bank, creating an echo which made the music sound as if it was being played in an indoor stadium. "They'll turn it down sometime," we assured ourselves.

We proceeded to a gravel bar fifty yards downriver from the neanderthalic gala. We spent several tiring hours swimming in the swift river. As evening came, we began the sophomoric ritual of lighting first the noisy fireworks, and then the colorful ones as the daylight waned. Luke had asked the group to turn down their music, but we had noticed no change. Between the firecrackers and the music, I had developed a potent headache. When Dave went back to his car to get a water jug, he found that he had left his keys in the ignition, locking in half the food and two sleeping bags. After a futile thirty minute wrestling match with a coathanger, we decided to drive to a phone and contact Triple A in the morning.

By the time we had pitched the tent on the gravel bar, it was nearly 11:00. The music was not one decibel quieter. Settling in for the night, we lay the two sleeping bags down on the floor of the tent as padding. In spite of the sleeping bags, I could distinctly feel the outline of every stone beneath me pressing into my ribs. I lay there, exhausted, head pounding, still able to make out every note to the guitar solo of "Bad Moon Rising" when it came echoing down the bank. This went on for perhaps an hour until I suggested that we leave that night. Half of the guys were fitfully sleeping, and told me to keep trying to go to sleep. Several came to my defense, and we persuaded the party to leave, which unfortunately meant that we would have to break my friend Dave's

car window to get in. We did, and after picking the glass off of his back seat, we bade the place farewell. As we left, and the music faded in the distance, I nearly cried with relief. I swore to myself then that if ever I was in a similar situation in the future, that I would not cavalierly suffer to the limit of my endurance for the sake trying to make the best of a bad situation. The test of this pledge came a year and a half later, again on a Saturday night.

In early November 1993, my friend Amy invited me and her roommate Sarah (of *Queenie* zine) to attend a rave with her. Sarah and I had never attended one; few of our good friends were ravers. Also, the typical rave door price of ten dollars had served to dissuade us. This time things were to be different, because Amy, an enthusiastic rave fan, offered to pay our way in.

As with many raves, the location of this one was not known until that very night. Rave organizers often keep the locations of their lucrative parties secret until the evening before, both to keep attendance manageable and prevent police from crashing them. Amy's good friend Christian, a fellow rave enthusiast, was driving, and after a bit of exploration in a midtown industrial neighborhood, we arrived at the rave, half an hour late, at 12:30 a.m. The event was in a nondescript empty warehouse. We dashed to the door through pouring rain. Amy paid the doormen, and we were in.

The building's first floor consisted of two large rooms, the first empty and dark, the second featuring a DJ set up, with immense speakers, disco lights, and a noxious fog machine. The music was loud, and forced Sarah and I to lean in close to each other to be heard. Amy led us past a throng of glassy eyed teens, some dancing listlessly to the house music, some sucking on balloons filled with nitrous oxide. Climbing a narrow staircase to the second floor, we passed a room featuring a "bar", presumably selling both alcohol and "smart drinks", soft drinks containing vitamins and various enzymes supposed to heighten brain function. The next room was smaller and housed t-shirt and music vendors and their wares at mile high prices. The third room was the heart of the rave. It was huge, perhaps two hundred feet on a side, and was dimly and intermit-

tently lit by spinning disco lights. At the end nearest to us was a DJ, flanked by speaker stacks of epic proportions, resembling black minivans stood on end. Amy led us in and joined the two hundred ravers already dancing. Sarah and I stood there and watched for many minutes, the bass making our clothing and chest cavities vibrate. Gradually, the initial sense of spectacle wore off, and we began thinking of ways to amuse ourselves. Neither of us particularly like to dance (most rave cannot be pogoed to), and the techno that was playing was not particularly good listening. We wandered back downstairs, stopping at one of the decrepit bathrooms to make toilet paper earplugs. We returned to the empty, dark front room and stood around, talking. Both of us had awakened that morning with only six or seven hours of sleep, and fatigue was

beginning to take its toll on us. Recollections of the Meramec river a year ago began to crowd my thoughts unpleasantly.

We began wandering around the building, from room to room, hoping to find something or someone entertaining. We encountered many people we knew, almost all of whom were "dosed" to varying degrees. A few were able to converse fairly normally, while most were giddy, glazed, and preoccupied with the narrowness of the stairs, or the solidity of the floor. We returned to the big room upstairs many times, vainly hoping that Amy had suddenly grown weary of raving and would want to leave. She was puzzled that we were not having a good time. We returned to the dark, relatively quiet room downstairs to stare at the rain outside and assess our predicament.

At that point, we had been wandering from room to room for two hours, listening to vapid music and the even more vapid conversation of the chemically addled people around us. We could not hope to simply sleep there until the rave ended, around six a.m.; the few filthy couches in the place were in the rooms with the speakers, and were occupied by exhausted ravers. Curling up on the cold, dirty hardwood floor of the damp front room was no more appealing. Escape seemed impossible, because Christian not only intended to stay until dawn, but was also "dosed". We toyed with the idea of hitching a ride with a carload of departing ravers, but surveying the mental state of most people there dissuaded us. In the nadir of my desperation, I cheered when a police car drove by outside, in hopes that the party

Ancient Japanese torture.
Culver Pictures.

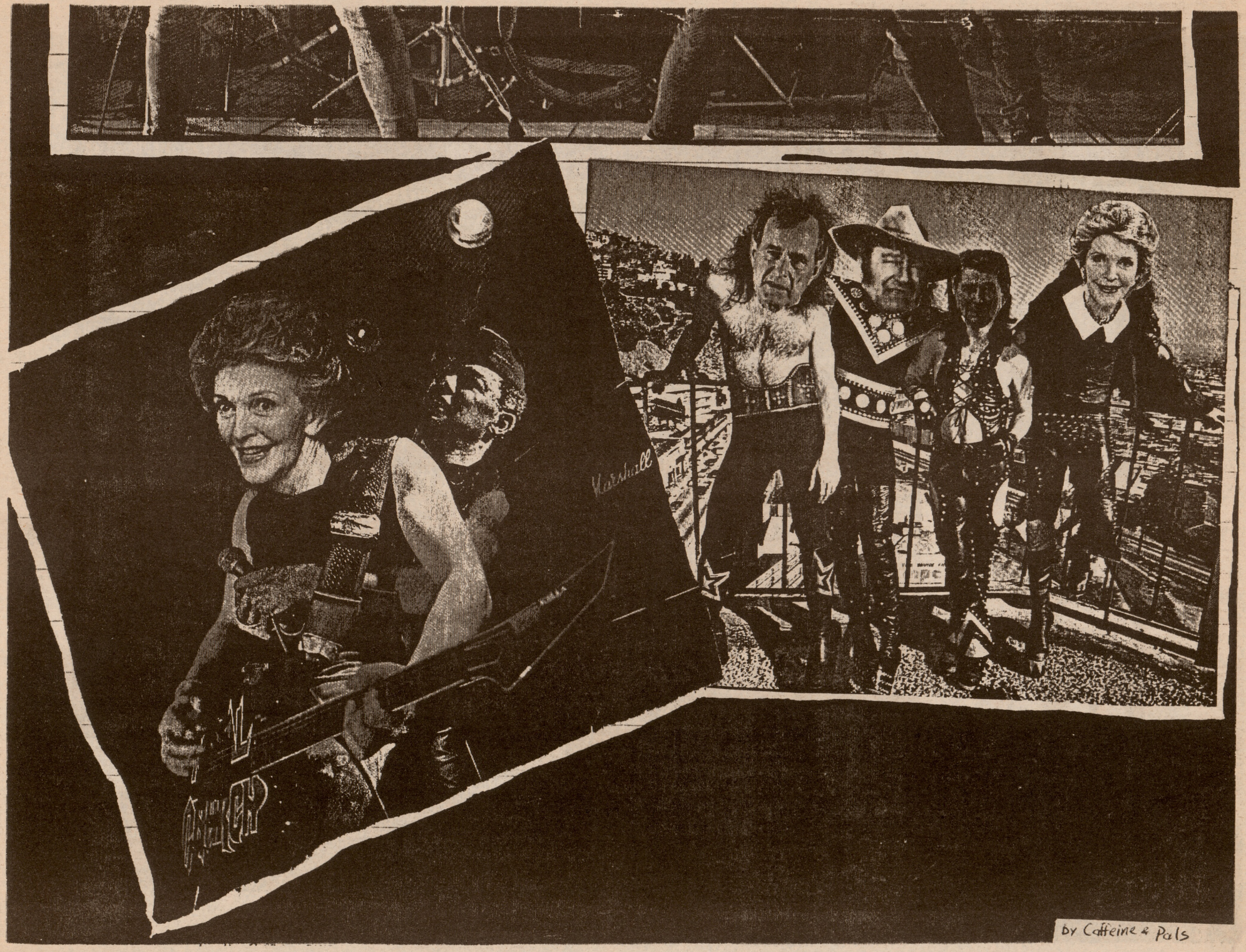
might be crashed by the police. My heart sank once more when the officer driving waved cheerfully to the doormen.

Finally, overcoming the inertia of exhaustion and boredom, Sarah and I resolved to leave. Ted Ortmann of Haymarket rythm section fame lived four blocks away, at St. Louis University. Bidding a groggy farewell to Amy and Christian, both perplexed and disappointed that we had not enjoyed ourselves, we ventured out into the cold rain. Waiting until we were half a block away, I literally leapt for joy, shouting, "We did it! We got out!" We arrived at his dorm a few minutes before four a.m., rain-sodden and shivering, but we had escaped.

As miserable as I was at the rave, it didn't quite take me to the pits of despair and desperation that the July fourth trip did. Physically, the ordeals were comparable, but at the Meramec I had the additional burden of a crushing headache. Also, my dislike of classic rock is fairly automatic, but I actually enjoy some techno music. Up to a point.

Despite the fact that I, as a punk, am often lumped into the "alternative" youth culture with ravers, I have about as much love for that acid head wanketry as I do for the alcoholic reindeer games of the hilljacks at the river. I don't mean to say that if you like dropping acid and flailing around for five or six hours then I think you're a bad person, but there isn't anything any more constructive or socially relevant to what you're doing than watching tv for just as long. The idea that rave culture is threatening to mainstream culture just because their elitist parties sometimes get shut down is utter flapdoodle. Not to say that going to punk shows will alter the course of history, but jeez, LSD and colored lights didn't change anything in the 60's, and they aren't going to now.

AMERICA


Marshall
by Caffeine & Pals

8Bark

On April 17th 8Bark blew back into town from the Windy City, to wow a packed house at Bastille's. After a bit of near-deadly confusion around highways 40 & 270, we made it to the Steak 'N' Shake on Hampton. There the Haymarket Interview Vegan (HIV) posse cornered Victoria and Brian and questioned them over fries in the cramped and ketchup-stained booths. They are scheduled to play Cummels on July 11th, so be there.

V--Victoria Dakarian
B--Brian Kozlovsky
T--Ted Ortmann
S--Steve Claverie

S--Okay, 8Bark. . .what's with the name anyway?
B--Doesn't mean anything.
S--Doesn't mean anything?
B--It's just a name.
T--Who came up with it?
B--Doug did, actually.
(here steve asks for introductions)
B--I'm Brian Cozlovsky, I play drums, and I do backup vocals, too.
V--I'm Victoria I sing and I play percussion.
B--Doug Ward plays guitar, and he does vocals. And Steve Sackett plays bass and does backup vocals.
S--All righty. Now, you're on tour, right?
B--Kinda. It's just like. . .a four day thing. We just played Little Rock and Carbondale, and tomorrow we're playing Nashville.
(then somebody, maybe Josh of the Meat Sisters, told Brian: "Tell them about how you don't play in Chicago much."
B--We don't play in Chicago much.
S--Why is that?
B--I don't know. . .we like playing out of town better.
S--Do you have a big following in Chicago, or--
B--Not really. It's pretty small. The Chicago scene is more like, the Naked Raygun-Pegboy-thing. Everyone's into that. And like, I don't know. Whatever.
S--I see. It seems like a lot more people in St. Louis knew you this time around. They were more hyped to see you than they were last time.
B--We looked at our mailing list and we sent out postcards this time, and also, we just played. . .not too long ago. A couple months ago.
S--November. . .twenty. . .something.
(Ted joined in here, and proceeded in a ham-fisted interrogation of Victoria about her scarab necklace.)
V--Ask us some interesting questions. (ouch)
B--Yeah, like personal questions that'll piss us off.

V--Really, really weird ones.
T--Do you encounter any prejudice, maybe not blatant, but subtle. . .about being a woman and being in the scene? Do you ever feel excluded, possibly?
V--Sometimes. Yeah. We played in Danville, Illinois.
B--It was weird.
V--And this one band came, and there was a big fight about who was gonna play first, and who was gonna play second and third. . .So anyways, this guy was in this band and he was talking to me and he goes, "Well, what do you know, you're just the roadie."
T--No way.
V--Yeah, he thought I was the roadie.
B--Or someone's girlfriend.
T--And he was in one of the bands? Man, what a sexist rockstar pig.

B--Those guys were dorks, though.
T--Well, Danville, Illinois--you've gotta be careful of those towns named after guys.
V--*Manville*.
S--"Ville".
B--You've gotta be suspicious.
T--Weirdsville.
S--You're weirdsville, Ted.

T--This is true. So whaddya you think of Steak 'N' Shake?
B--Sucks.
S--Do they have S.N.S. in Chicago?
B--No.
V--The portions are really small.
S--Okay, other substantial questions. . .
V--Ask us weird questions now.
B--Let us ask you questions.
T--All right.
B--What's with your hair? Is that dyed?
S--Yeah. I bleached it.
T--How long has it been since you washed it?
B--Ever seen a grown man naked?
S--Yeah!!
T--Do you like it when a dog rubs up against your leg. . .
S--Ever seen a gladiator movie?
V--Yeah, I love em. Did you ever see that movie *Caligula*?
T--I've heard much about it, but I've never seen it.
S--How about *Blazing Saddles*? Now that's a funny movie.
B--I saw that.
V--I didn't see it. I hate movies.
S--Not Mel Brooks' movies. . .
T--Not Mel Brooks' movies!
V--I don't like hollywood movies.
S--If you were to have to liken 8Bark to a single Mel Brooks movie, what movie would it be? And why?
T--We're assuming that you've seen all of them.
B--I dunno, probably *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. That's a Mel Brooks movie, isn't it? He's in it.
T--Who cares. That counts.
B--I don't know why I thought of that one. Probably cause I couldn't think of any other movie.

T--Because your music's mad, mad, mad, mad.
S--It's a mad, mad, mad, mad band.
(We ask how long they've been together.)
B--We started the band like, January of '89 maybe. It's been about three and a half years.
T--So when did you come along, Victoria?
B--She came along about a year and a half ago.
T--How'd you get in the band?
V--Okay, I was at a party, and Doug was there, and he said,"Hey, do you know anyone that would wanna sing in a band? Or do you?" And I'm like "Yeah, I will." The next day he called me and stuff.

B--It totally worked out. She was never in a band before--never sang in her life.
V--I couldn't play drums or anything like that.
T--Did you ever listen to hardcore or punk or stuff like that before?
V--Yeah, I did, but I didn't go to a lot of shows. The only punk shows I had gone to when I was younger were Suicidal Tendencies--stuff like that. Corporate punk. I didn't go to any little shows unless they were friends of mine.
T--Do you all live kind of close to each other? Is practicing hard?
B--It's pretty easy. She lives the farthest away. About a 30 minute drive. It's not bad. And I can walk to Doug's place--like, where we practice in 15 minutes.
T--I don't know your lyrics by heart, but from what I've read they seemed personal. I didn't really get a strong political feel from them. What are they are about in general? Who writes them anyway?
B--Me and Doug wrote a lot of them. Doug writes the most of them. A lot of them are like...weird word games that make you think. There's not too many that are political just because every band does that. Almost every band that's in the punk scene does that. And if they don't then, you know--
T--They're not punk.
B--So we just kind of try to avoid that.
S--Straight political stuff you mean?
B--Yeah, no matter what you're playing--stenchcore, melodic, whatever kind of music it is, when the lyrics start getting like, "Fuck the Government--They're all assholes!" You've heard it so many times over it's not cool anymore.
V--It's not supposed to be cool.
B--Right, but--
T--Do you think it's become cliched?
B--Yeah, definitely.
V--For some bands, yeah, but there are still some bands that are political that I like.
T--I would tend to agree with Victoria.
V--I don't think everybody decides, "Wow, let's be political."
B--Yeah, I don't think so either.
V--You can see right through it if they--
B--If it happens, it happens.
T--All of the political bands aren't anarchy bands.

B--There's like Spitboy and stuff--they're not anarchists.
T--But along the same line, your lyrics to an extent are political.
V--Yeah, they are.
T--They address social issues.
B--But it's more like day to day real decisions that you have to make, and the political aspects of that--not big stuff like, "The world is fucked, and so are you."
(Ted hurls laughter across the restaurant like somebody just let the Pacific in the front door. The conversation proceeds to get pulled under and go downstream. So to speak. Victoria and Brian talk about their disillusionment with college, and Ted describes his goals of wealth and prestige.)
S--Okay. If there was an official boardgame for 8Bark. . . .if Parker

Brothers called you up--
8Bark--Scrabble!!
S--Would you do a commercial for Scrabble?
T--Would you write a song about Scrabble?
V--A DIY commercial (laughs).

B--I'd do a commercial for Chutes and Ladders if I could be one of those weird characters that walks around on the board. That's it.
T--That would be hot.
(Brian tells us about a friend from Underdog who works at Midway (creators of Pac-Man), who's going to digitize 8Bark and their music for the game. Ted asks about 8Bark's policy regarding hanky-panky on the road.)
B--No, that's completely illegal. Rule #1: No lovin' in the van. Rule #2: No love interest *between* the band.
V--What do you mean, no lovin' in the van? I broke that rule and nobody said anything to me.
B--No love interest in the van means. , .your girlfriend can't go on tour with us.
V--Yeah. If you meet, like, a hot guy or girl at a show--
T--Even if there's noone else in the van?
V--No. You can't bring you're girlfriend or boyfriend or love interest into the van *with the band*, cause it'll weaken our bond. That's why we do it.

B--It's like taking an atom out of Uranium 235 and expecting it to power your generator. It doesn't work.
V--The band just won't work the same if there's another entity inside the van.
T--So this is kind of like, a pre-nuptial band agreement?
B--Yep.
T--Crazy.
V--We all agree to it. It's not a problem.
(Ted grills Victoria about her percussion instruments, which leads into Steve boasting of the good pickin's in the dumpsters behind his house--"It's like having Goodwill in your backyard." 8Bark's crossdressing friends come up, as does the Collective Chaos house, and Profane E's weapon's showcase issue.)
T--Does anybody have any questions?
S--I do. Okay, what would be your weapons of choice, in a possible revolution.
T--In the next holocaust.
B--I think it would be, like, plate tectonic-moving technologies. You could just shift continents at will.
T--What about you Victoria?
V--I don't like weapons.
T--There we go! That's the proper response.
B--She's a hippie.
V--I am *not*. I'm not a hippie.
S--Tree hugger.
T--Hey what's wrong with that?
V--Tofu-muncher. . .
B--Sandal-wearin, bead-suckin--
T--Bug-lovin--
B--Truck-drivin--
V--Commie-pinko--
B--LSD-takin hippie.

T--Does anyone do drugs in the band?
B--Sometimes.
T--Okay. I won't ask any further questions.
V--We already have a really bad reputation for that. From the 8Bark tour diary.
B--Aw, that's just in Chicago. (He explains. A guy toured with them and spent the whole time stoned. Or something.)
V--We're not on drugs now. We didn't smoke any pot today. We didn't take any mushrooms or smoke any crack or shoot up heroin before the show.
T--Why not?
V--We couldn't get our hands on anything.
T--Now kids, were not condoning the use of drugs.
B--I think some drugs can be cool. Can be positive. (Ted spouts off about NORML, and how pot should be legal.)
V--I take pot for ceremonial purposes.
T&S--What type of ceremonies?
B--Gettin' *stoned*!!
S--Sounds like a good ceremony to me!
V--This interview is getting really dumb. . . . Aren't you going to ask me what nationality I am?
T--What nationality are you? To be anthropocentric. Cause you know, white Anglo-Saxons are the best. I just want to know what you are so I can degrade you.
V--(merrily) Okay! Iiiiiii'm Filipino, aaaaaaand Armenian.

T--(tragically confused) Armenian? Seriously? Wow.
(Here Doug interjects,"I'm a bike, I'm a buffalo, I'm a truck.")
V--(to Ted) What animal are you?
He (Brian) is some kind of rodent.
T--I'm a Koala cause all I eat is eucalyptus leaves.
V--(to Steve) What are you?
S--Uhhhhm, what's a skinny. . .dorky animal?
T--A Steve Claverie!
V--(to Brian) You're a ferret!
T--You are a ferret!
V--I don't know. What do I look like? Probably a (either a cat or a cow. We can't tell. Doug again blunders into the conversation.)
V--What are you?
T--He said he's a bicycle.
V--"I am a skateboard. . ."(to the tune of "Wasted" by Black Flag.)
T--I am emperor Ronald Reagan.
S--(authoritatively) Now kids, lets not just quote other bands lyrics for the interview.
T--As a matter of fact, let's start doing that. Everybody quote lyrics now! (Nobody does. Ha ha on you, Ted. The interview, now crippled, crawls to a whimpering halt.)
Contact 8Bark care of Underdog Records, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL, 60614. (See the reviews).

Please help ~~Santa~~ and
St. Louis Police Academy Recruit Class #93-3
help unfortunate children.

Spread a little Christmas cheer to some of the area's less fortunate. Donations of clothes, toys, money, etc. will be forwarded to Faith House, which is a non-profit organization for less fortunate children.

Donations can be dropped off on **December 11, 1993** from **9:00 a.m.** until **3:00 p.m.** at the following locations:

SOUTH: Boatmen's Bank lot on Hampton (across from Hampton Village)

NORTH: Lindell Plaza (Lindell and Sarah)

From ~~Santa~~ and
St. Louis Police Academy Recruit Class #93-3,
THANK YOU!

Happy Holidays

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Classes
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Summer Session Locations

* North County - Hazelwood West H.S.*
6249 Howdershell

* South County - Jefferson Barracks Park*
Telegraph and Jefferson Barracks
Each Tuesday - June 29 through August 3, 1993

North County - Contact Officer Tony Coleman - 355-1200
South County - Contact Officer Steve Deen - 889-3162

"OPERATION: RESTORE HOPE": A VISCIOUS LIE AND A DEADLY INVASION FOR GREED!

A Marine leveled his weapon at a Somali man who had refused to stop during a sweep outside the gate of Mogadishu's main airport on Wednesday. The presence of U.S. troops appeared to have cleared the city of armed looters. Marine attack helicopters circled the city throughout the day.

The rulers of our nation have again decided to condone lethal force as a means to "stabilize" (read:install cooperative regime) another sovereign nation (this time: Somalia) such that the hands of Capital can reach in and wring it dry. "But Clinton is bringing our boys back home! Don't you have anything better to write about?!" Well, Clinton has brought back a small portion of the occupying force, but many do remain, and powerful voices are predicting a "return to anarchy" if all the troops should leave, offering a strong excuse for the US to maintain a military presence, despite criticism from some Americans angry about the spilling of some non-African blood. Nixon used that excuse in Vietnam- "immediate withdrawl would result in a bloodbath!", so the troops stayed-- for years.

Even if the amazing does happen and Clinton & co. keep their promise to pull U.S. forces out of Somalia, wouldn't you like to know what went on over there that the corporate media didn't tell you about-- specifically, the true reasons for & nature of the mission? Read on, friend.

SEATTLE, D.C.

A Brief History of Somalia's Recent Past:

Somalia was ruled by Gen Mohammed Siad Barre from 1969 to 1991. In the course of US/USSR Cold War International puppet shows/military aid games, Barre's regime, a brutal dictatorship, was allied with and receiving military aid from the USSR from 1969 to 1977, and then dealings with the US began, becoming full-blown military aid by 1980. US military aid continued until 1988, by which time millions of dollars worth of weapons had been provided to Siad Barre, weapons which were used to murder tens of thousands of unarmed civilians, among other atrocities.

Siad Barre was overthrown in January 1991. From that time until the Christmas time US/UN intervention, various power-hungry factions were fighting for control of the nation. In this violent and chaotic (hardly anarchistic) situation, scarce food was made even harder to come by, and thousands were starving. this horrid scenario was (and still is) the result of the traditional tribal system's destruction begun by the racist, greedy & murderous colonialists of Italy, Britain & France in the late 19th century; the situation also could not have become this bad without the U.S. and Soviet Military aid of more recent years.

Before the US/UN intervention, relief efforts, most notably by the Red Cross, were already underway. This food distribution was meeting with success, not through military action, but through careful dealings with the waring factions. This pre-invasion relief was an event left unreported in the mass media, an attempt to make the US/UN intervention seem necessary.

The force of 28,000 U.S. troops which did invade Somalia in December 1993 was an uninvited, armed military force which violated Somalia's sovereignty, a fact which accounts for a lot of the hostility towards the U.S. presence there, hostility which has been treated by the mass media as completely uninstigated.

The Claims of the U.S. Government and The Assumption of most U.S. Citizens:

Out of the kindness of his heart, President Bush sent our boys over there to save the poor, helpless Africans from starvation and violence. 100% humanitarian. 100% bull shit.

The Real Reasons for "Operation: Restore Hope":

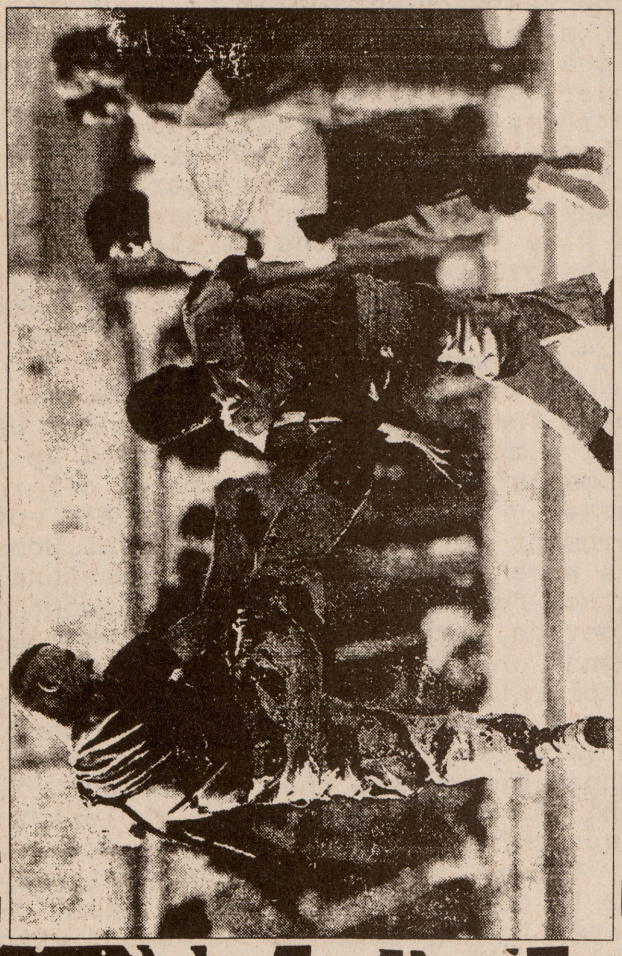
One motivation is to justify keeping the US military so massive. Now that the "keep communism at bay" excuse obviously won't work anymore, the military corporations, like McDonnell-Douglas & General Dynamics, in order to keep their profits, and the Pentagon, in order to keep their jobs, need appealing reasons to rationalize their giant existence to the American public. The idea that a strong, global military can perform "humanitarian missions" at any time with great strength is attractive to many people. Not only does it create a nice image for the military, it also gets people to support the commander-in-cheif when he declares that there will be no major military cuts when he is in power.

Another reason for the action is to make the region stable enough for US oil companies to go in and suck up Somalia's recently discovered oil reserves. Just before Siad Barre's government fell, large portions of Somalia were divided up into concessional blocs for Conoco, Phillips, Amoco, Chevron, and Shell, companies which had found promising oil reserves during exploratory drilling in 1986. Siad Barre was going to grant these corporations the rights to drill in these areas, but then he was ousted, and the region became too violent to successfully drill.

Conoco, however, the biggest player in this oil crusade, was smart enough to negotiate an agreement with one of the two major warlords, Ali Mahdi Mohamed, such that the company could drill as per under the agreement with Siad Barre. And when the US/UN forces landed, one of the main things they engaged in was launching a huge offensive against the other prevailing warlord, Aidid, putting Ali Mahdi Mohamed in a prime position to take power, which he took advantage

of. He is now the leader of Somalia's provisional government, and consequentially, Conoco is now poised to begin drilling. We see this chain of events as indicative of our governments willingness to support, with military violence if deemed appropriate, Corporate America and its eternal quest for profit and power, goals usually achieved at the cost of the majorities of peoples' (most often people of color and third world people) happiness, freedom, safety, and even lives.

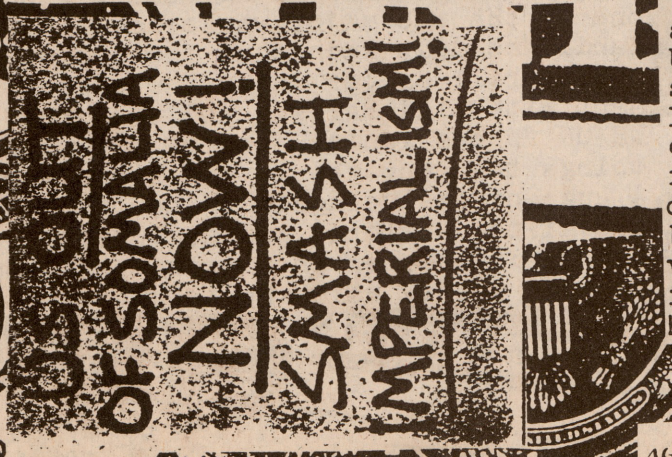
DAN ELDON/Reuters



AP

Another telling incident of these two monsters' (State and Capital) co-operation in domination occurred a few days before the Marines landed in Somalia. Conoco's Mogadishu compound was, with the company's complete compliance, transformed into a temporary American embassy and headquarters for Bush's special envoy. Why wasn't a more "humanitarian", neutral site chosen? When asked about the arrangement, an official Conoco spokesman said it was "a business relationship". Again, the co-operation in domination is startlingly clear.

Other ulterior motives for the acti action include the U.S. desire to control Somalia's well-known valuable mineral deposits, as well as Somalia's strategically important position at the mouth of the Red Sea, a major route for shipping oil and other valuables, and therefore an essential area to keep "stable" such that corporate profits keep rolling in.



What Operation: Restore Hope Has Evolved Into Today:

Not only were the US/UN intentions for this action rooted in greed and violence to begin with, but the operation has turned into a bloodbath, as US interventions, no matter what the mission, always do. Since the troops have landed, food distribution sites have been closed due to violence numerous times, for weeks on end, as the "search for Aidid", and the Somali attacks provoked by that "search" become more & more violent. This seems quite hypocritical for a mission which supposedly has feeding people as a primary aim.

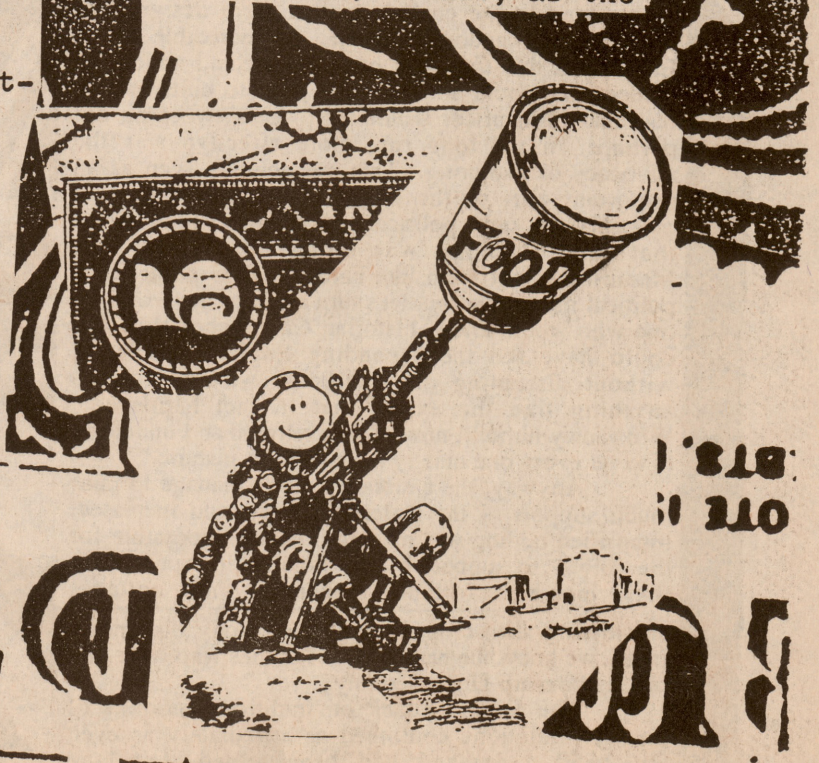
Not only are people on the sidelines being killed by the increased fighting, as will almost always happen in urban combat like that which is taking place in Mogadishu, but UN troops sometimes fire on unarmed civilians, which in one incident resulted in the deaths of about a dozen Somali people. Many have been killed thus far, many more are being killed all the time as the violence continues, escalating to a new high September 9 when US helicopters killed approximately 100 Somali men, women, and children. Not only are hundreds of Somalis being killed, but hundreds more are being kept prisoner. As of 12/28/93, over 500 Somalis are being held by the U.N. forces. And since the U.N. never actually signed the Geneva Accord covering prisoner's rights, they are not legally required to meet basic standards of imprisonment, like sanitation, minimum space requirements, and trial by jury before extended incarceration; reports say that the U.N. indeed is not meeting these internationally accepted standards with the Somali prisoners.

Years from now, as history repeats itself (El Salvador, Panama), we will probably find out that many more were imprisoned and killed whom we had never heard about. All of these victims will never be forgotten.

Not only is the US/UN commiting these crimes, but the media is being censored such that we don't get the whole truth . The US has appointed one Jeff Eller to watch over the media coverage of the Restore Hope swindle. Eller was the main man behind the Panama Invasion media blackout (he is featured in the Documentary "The Panama Deception" as the official US spokesperson, in which he claims things like "The US government knows of no civilian mass graves in Panama" while pictures of hundreds of corpses of all shapes and sizes being pulled out of mass graves are flashing across the screen), and did a very good job of keeping a lid on the facts that hundreds of Panamanian civilians and their neighborhoods were destroyed. His new task is to monitor all news coming out of Somalia and only let "The proper stuff" through. You've been reading the fruits of his labor in the paper; notice that the only news we get about Somalia is news that would lead a person to believe that a continued military presence in Somalia is necessary to avoid "a return to anarchy & bloodshed", when in reality, continued US/UN military involvement in the region will continue to result in violence and bloodshed far worse than the violence which already plagued Somalia.

On September 10 1993, here in St. Louis, the Ad Hoc Coalition to End U.S. Intervention in Somalia came together. Our first action was a rally at 7th & Market in Downtown on September 17th. After that event, the group gained new members & momentum. We planned another rally on Oct. 22 and an educational forum on Oct. 24; both events went well, even though attendance wasn't huge. Our voices were strong and many people learned important stuff at these gatherings. A third rally was held on October 29, the International Day of Action against the US/UN invasion of Somalia.

As the US force in Somalia & the US policy on Somalia changes, so does our group. Now that US troops are apparently leaving , we are, as the



Coalition Against U.S. Imperialism, focusing on other issues as well, but we stand poised to fight continued US/UN military presence/violence in Somalia.

The people of Somalia, with their mass demonstrations and military actions, and the Coalition to end US intervention in Somalia, with our actions here, have made their voices clear: the US/UN forces must leave Somalia. Their presence there is resulting, as it has in so many other lands, in nothing but death and pain for the majority of people, and profits and power for the ruling elite.

- Michael Lesana

For information on upcoming events, on the Somalia invasion, on US foreign policy in general, petitions, etc., write to:

The Coalition to End U.S. Intervention in Somalia/CAUSI
P.O. Box 78842
St. Louis, MO 63178

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DISMANTLE THIS MONSTER!
HIS "HUMANITARIAN" MILITARY-CORPORATE POWER GRABS & RUTHLESS KILLING WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!

the Diggers continued

The Diggers' innovations were not limited to the social/political/economic realm: they advocated many advanced farming techniques. Foremost among this was planned, large-scale development of farmland, as opposed to the enclosures that were designed to provide quick landowner profit. An incredible 1/3 of England at this time was barren wasteland which the landowners would not allow the poor to cultivate for fear that farm prices would fall! Less sweeping but perhaps, in the long run, more effective was the advocacy of manuring. This was actually seen as an important part of the Digger platform, making it probably the only political movement ever to admit that their ideology was largely based on shit. Manuring might seem like hardly a firm pillar for a political movement, but let's turn again to the words of one who would know, historian Christopher Hill: "It could have fed the expanding English population without disrupting the traditional way of life to anything like the extent that in fact happened." Winstanley himself, now: "True religion and undefiled is to let every one quietly have earth to manure."

Anyway, the emissaries didn't manage to raise much support of the material variety, and increased, intensified raiding was making it nearly impossible for the colony to support itself. Finally, in April 1650, their members forcibly dispersed, their cottages smoldering, their crops in ruins, the colony disbanded. In all, we know the names of 73 families who were part of this flagship Digger colony.

The Digger attack on traditional notions of property relations continued as articulately as ever. By 1650 a demand had been added that land confiscated from the church and the crown be given to the poor. Winstanley, in his *Law of Freedom*, further stated that land sales authorized by Parliament were invalid and that land confiscated when the monasteries dissolved should be added to the Commonwealth land fund.

By this time, Leveller ideas were gaining support among miners and farmers in the north and west, formerly Royalist strongholds. This, plus the development of a solid analysis of properly relations by the Diggers, was cutting a little too closely for the gentry to tolerate. The remaining Digger colonies were crushed before too long. Once again, a brief shining moment in history extinguished by the men of property.

So, as usual in any history of radical movements, the good guys come away with the ass-end of things. However, the Digger movement has been looked to by people from Thoreau to the May '68 student rebels as an ancestor and an inspiration. Their time was brief, but they were maybe the only non-vanguardist socialist movement in history, an uprising of common people determined to get out from under the yoke of those who had stood on their necks for centuries -- and in 1648, this was not an easy thing to say or do. Too bad they're not around to teach us a thing or two.

I relied heavily for this paper on two books by Christopher Hill: *Intellectual Origins of the English Revolution* and especially, mostly, particularly the awesome *The World Turned Upside Down: Radical Ideas during the English Revolution.* This last is really good for reading about all sorts of political radicals during the 1640s in England. It also goes into a lot more detail about the Diggers and the whole period that gave rise to them. It's recommended even for you chumps who seem to think books carry deadly contagious viruses.

Graphology-- Window Into Psychosis

by Steve & Jason

We here at *TIRC* get a lot of mail from a lot of people. Most of it is handwritten, which gives a much more personal view of the writer than type. So personal, in fact, that we decided to master the science of graphologly, better known as handwriting analysis. Allow us to share some of our insights concerning the inner workings of various punk/HC notables.

JUST A QUICK NOTE TO SAY THANKS FOR THE KIND REVIEW OF SETH'S BOOK. I'M GLAD YOU GOT SO MUCH OUT OF IT. I'M SENDING A COPY TO SETH TODAY.

-MARTIN SPROUSE

Martin Sprouse (Pressure Drop Press, *MRR*)--Don't worry; 4 1/2 inches is perfectly fine. You are the best Martin Sprouse there is.

St. Louis was loads of fun. I want to come back. See ya! :) Kamala

Kamala (Cringer, The Gr'ups)--Drugs don't make you "punk". You can get help with your problem if you ask someone.

little adventure in Springfield. Sorry if the reading by choke is too saucy... Sam

Sam McPheeters (Born Against, *Tubesteak Gazette*)--Sam, it's okay to want to feel "pretty".

During our stop over in St. Louis on our way to Europe we saw Sick of it All in the airport! Pretty weird. Love Kevin

Kevin Doss (Downcast, Not For Lack Of Trying)--If you keep having the nightmares about the clowns, pretend you're watching TV and "turn the channel".

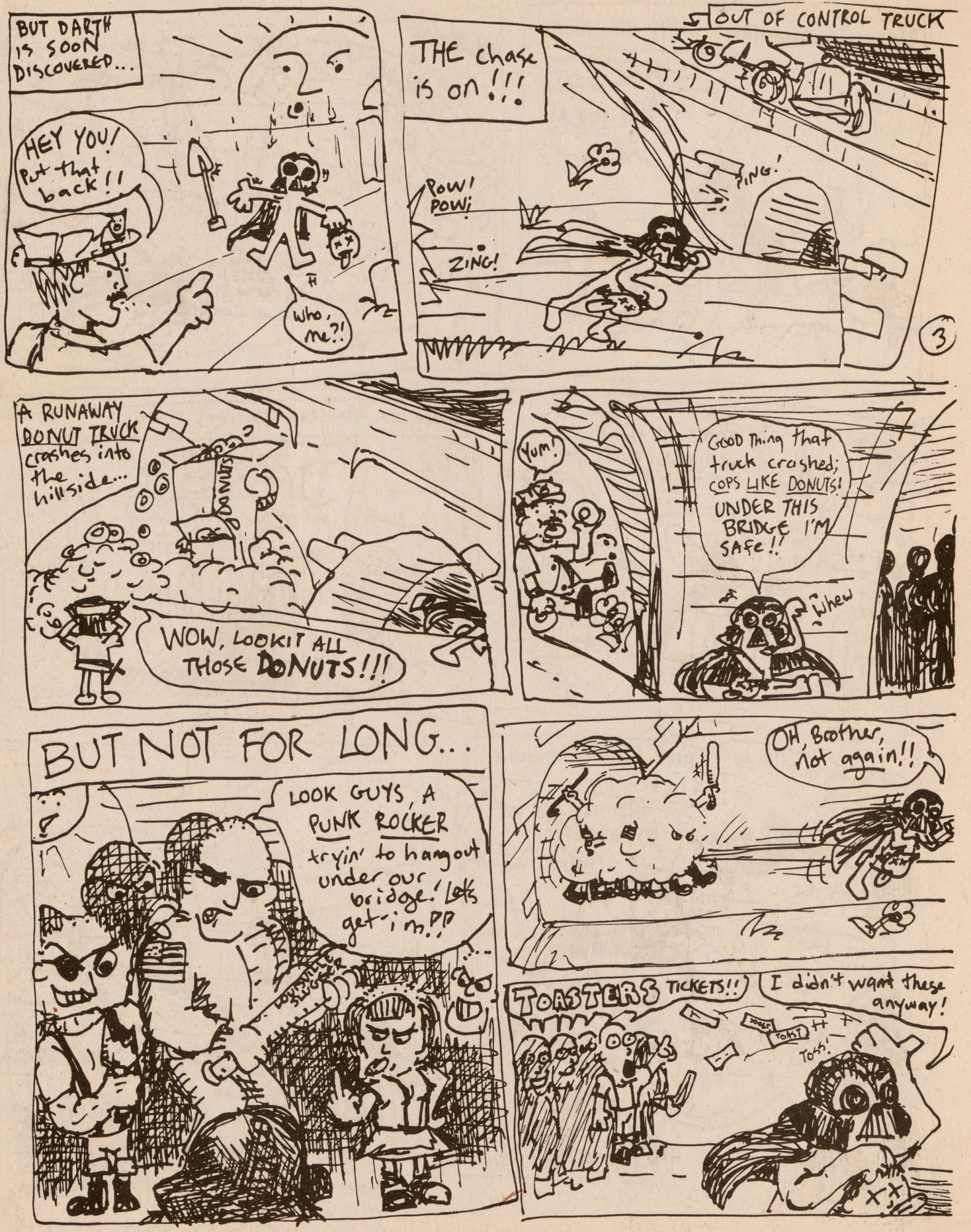
COOL - I'LL GET E.M' TO YOU SOON. THANKS FOR WRITING

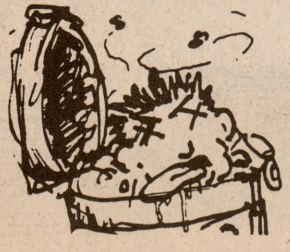
YEZ PAL - DUWAYNE

Duwayne (Demise, Animal Farm)--"I don't want to wear the dress, mommy!".

Meet DARTH OLSON, a teen like any other... except for a congenital defect that left him looking exactly like the SILVER SCREEN's most notorious bad guy.!! Now he struggle against the slings and arrows of ignorance and cruelty at a typical suburban high school!!! Join us, won't you, for...

DARTH AWAKENS WITH AN IDEA...
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
2
GRAVEYARD
That golden safety pin is as good as mine?!
HMM... No these will never do! Not PUNK enough!
LIBERACE
STIV BATORS
Johnny Thunders
MALCOM OWEN
THEN, on an inconspicuous knoll...
DARBY CRASH
He gets busily to work...
DARBY
AND Finally, hours later...
THE HEAD OF DARBY CRASH!
AT LAST, I HAVE IT...
Oh, and just in time for school!!


BUT DARTH IS SOON DISCOVERED...
HEY YOU! Put that back!!
Who, me?!
THE chase is on!!!
OUT OF CONTROL TRUCK
POW! POW!
ZING!
PING!
3
A RUNAWAY DONUT TRUCK crashes into the hillside...
DONUTS
WOW, LOOKIT ALL THOSE DONUTS!!!
Yum!
GOOD THING that truck crashed; COPS LIKE DONUTS! UNDER THIS BRIDGE I'M SAFE!!
Whew
BUT NOT FOR LONG...
LOOK GUYS, A PUNK ROCKER tryin' to hangout under our bridge! Lets get 'im!!
OH, Brother, not again!!
TOASTERS TICKETS!!
I didn't want these anyway!
TOSS!
TOSS!
TOSS!



THAT DARTH! He just can't seem to get ahead in the world! But fear not, true believers -- he lives to fight another day in the next exciting episode of DARTH OLSON, BOY CREEP!!

for better or for worse

reflections on the american dream

by maria forestdweller

We sleep together in cool, quiet darkness, flesh touching under the blankets, my body struggling to rest, but not succeeding. It is not quite morning, the sun at least a couple of hours away, and I crawl deeper under the blankets, determined to languish a few more moments in the delicious night.

He lies beside me, my new fiancé, snoring softly, a mound of thick, juicy brownness, like a bear in hibernation. He begins to snore louder, and I poke him sharply in the ribs, but to no avail. He snores on, oblivious to my anxiety. I sigh for the thousandth time that night and open my eyes. It is impossible to go back to sleep, and I do not want to be awake just yet. I swear silently and roll over. Sometimes mornings are the roughest of all.

As if to make matters worse, the alarm in the kitchen begins shrieking spastically. This means it's 4:30 a.m. and time for Elbert, my big, sleepy lover, to get up for work. I make no move to quiet the alarm, even though I am wide awake and probably won't go back to sleep. I wait until, groaning audibly, he rises from beneath the blankets, staggers into the kitchen, and fumbles for the knob on the back of the alarm clock. Within seconds there is a blessed silence. I hear him open the refrigerator door, close it, then shuffle back through the bedroom and into the bathroom where he begins his ritual morning clean-up. I continue to relax under my share of the blankets, smiling inanely, and thankful that I don't have to work today.

My full name is Deborah Maria Washington Forest-dweller. I am a schizophrenic-alcoholic-writer-poet-African American Indian-single mother-nondenominational-artist-witch, with an attitude. I despise the moral majority, Jesse Helms, pro-lifers, the military industrial complex, the KKK, gay-bashers, terrestrial chauvinism and whale-killers, to name a few. I am very opinionated, but I find myself living in a state of near total frustration; my mind shifting between states of fear and insecurity, isolation and anger. Most of the time I feel like an alien from another planet; watching, observing, recording information, listening to the cries of a pained humanity; hoping that "they" don't discover me, kill me, dissect me, and then leave the remains on display at the local museum.

Don't get me wrong. This is no simple paranoia. Despite my so-called mental illness, I am not merely insane (although, to be honest, I don't know any longer what "normal" is). I do want to live; in fact am passionate about living. But I don't know how to reconcile my African, Native American roots with this soul-numbing, materialistic, paternalistic, puritanical, genocidal society.

I don't know whether to stay in America and avenge my Cherokee ancestors, or go "back to Africa" and support the revolution over there, or if I should follow the spirited teachings of Malcolm X, or the gentle nonviolence of Martin Luther King (and whether I will survive either path, since both of these brilliant black leaders were murdered at the zenith of their careers). Of course there was also Crazy Horse, the most gifted and wise chief of Native American history. But again, he is dead, and his people still suffer the effects of rampant racism, poverty and oppression (even now we are witnessing the forced relocation of Native Americans from Big Mountain, the last ancestral stronghold of the Navajo and Hopi people).

On top of everything else, I can't help but notice that each of these leaders, these wonderful, thoughtful movers and shakers, was a man, and the product of a male-dominated society. As a liberated woman, then, just where do I fit into the power structure of things? Even Hillary Clinton settled for being First Lady instead of going for the gusto herself (and I think she's a lot smarter than her husband Bill). I refuse to be barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen (or in the case of some black women, barefoot pregnant and on welfare the rest of their lives); but I don't want to end up like my famous male counterparts either, who were truly committed to revolutionary change and justice, only to die violently at the hands of the powers that be.

Yes, I want to live and be happy. But I don't want to completely compromise my principles and ideals. I walk a fine, jagged edge between despair and hope, madness and sane possibility. I gain no comfort from the few token blacks and Native Americans who have managed to prosper in this kind of system. I personally don't know any Michael Jordans, Bill Cosbys, or Oprah Winfreys. Everyone I know and love is either struggling to make ends meet (whether they have a job or not, in the hospital, in jail (or just got out), addicted to some person, place, thing, or substance, dying or dead. Frankly, I don't have enough patience or faith to serenely wait out my time here on earth, and pray that I'm somehow found good enough to enter heaven. I believe in fighting for social justice in the here and now, but the past has taught me that the price for challenging the "sickness" in this society can be terribly painful and final.

So I resolve inwardly, to do the best I can, while I am still young enough and able and willing enough to breathe (yes, sometimes suicide looks good to me). Attack here. Retreat there. Battle, surrender, and battle again in a different way. Like the ancient Egyptian phoenix, I must learn to rise from the ashes of my fear and confront daily the harsh realities of my existence, clinging to whatever coals of warmth and light are left to me in the fading night.

Which brings me back to my lover. He is fully dressed for work and ready to go. Before leaving he bends down low and kisses me goodbye, like he does every morning, because he knows we both need it; because the strength of two is somehow better than one. I listen sadly as the apartment door closes behind him, leaving me alone and vulnerable and a little afraid in a world that is awesome and cruel and much too much for me. Slowly I rise from the bed and look out the window, wondering why . . . wondering how . . . Then I take my medication and stumble into the kitchen, preparing to make a pot of black coffee and face the endless, uncertain day . . .

THE HAYMARKET INCIDENT

by Steve

As some of you may know, I'm in a band by the name of Haymarket. So I thought, by writing an article in the zine about the Haymarket incident, I could gratuitously plug my band and explain one of the most important and catastrophic events in American radical history.

In the two decades following the civil war, radical labor movements became a driving force in America's political and economic life. Among the many goals of the labor movement was a nationally and internationally recognized 8-hour workday. In 1884, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada proclaimed that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's labor from and after May 1, 1886". The 8-hour movement, as it was commonly called, was a rallying point workers organizations. Many anarchists, and more militant organizations, however, viewed this at first as a cowardly compromise within the system they wished to abolish. As time passed, though, most anarchists got behind the 8-hour struggle, out of loyalty to the workers and desire to empower the lower classes.

A rapidly growing industrial center with a large immigrant population, Chicago was home to numerous militant labor oganizations. As the May 1st deadline approached, the city tensed. A general strike was anticipated. The authorities waited with bated breath, hoping for an opportunity to crush radical labor for good. Workers hoped this would forever show their bosses who was really in control. Revolutionaries hoped for a popular revolution to dethrone the powers of state and capital. As the day grew nearer, two vocal and well known anarchists, August Spies and Albert Parsons, were singled out in this editorial in the *Chicago Mail*, entitled "Brand the Curs":

> There are two dangerous ruffians at large in this city; two sneaking cowards who are trying to create trouble. One of them is named Parsons. The other is named Spies. . . .They are looking for riot and plunder. They havent got one honest aim nor one honorable end in view. Mark them for today. Keep them in view. Hold them personally responsible for any trouble that occurs. Make an example of them if trouble does occur!

As it happened, that is exactly what the city of Chicago, and the nation, did.

On May 1st, over 300,000 workers across the country went on strike, 40,000 of them in Chicago, the center of the movement. Industry in the city ground to a halt. Demonstrations and meetings took place throughout the city. Police, militia, deputized civilians, and Pinkerton hired guards stood by, fingers on their triggers. The day passed without disorder or rioting.

On the afternoon of May 3rd, an open air meeting was held by the Lumber Shovers union, on strike for shorter hours. August Spies addressed the crowd of several thousand people, as did other speakers, in English, Czech, and German. Near the end of his speech, the bell rang at the McCormick Reaper Works a few blocks away, signalling the end of the workday. McCormick had hired scabs to replace its striking workers, and two hundred of the crowd left, despite Spies' pleas otherwise, to heckle the strikebreakers. At the reaper works, the strikers forced the scabs back into the factory with a hail of insults and stones. Hearing the confrontation, Spies ran to the scene as several police wagons showed up to disperse the crowd. Pelted with rocks, the police opened fire on and beat the unarmed strikers. Spies ran back to the lumbermen's meeting to enlist aid for the strikers, but none would come.

REVENGE!

Workingmen, to Arms!!!

Your masters sent out their bloodhounds — the police —; they killed six of your brothers at McCormicks this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches, because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. They killed them, because they dared ask for the shortenin of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you, 'Free American Citizens'', that you must be satisfied and contended with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you, or you will get killed!

You have for years endured the most abject humiliations; you have for years suffered unmerciful iniquities; you have worked yourself to death; you have endured the pangs of want and hunger; your Children you have sacrificed to the factory-lords — in short: You have been miserable and obedient slave all these years: Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy thieving master? When you ask them now to lessen your burden, he sends his bloodhounds out to shoot you, kill you!

If you are men, if you are the sons of your grand sires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise! your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms!

Your Brothers.

Spies hastened to the office of the *Arbieter-Zietung*, the radical German paper he edited, and wrote up a leaflet denouncing the killing of unarmed strikers by the police, beginning it, "Workingmen to Arms!". Two men had been killed, but the *Daily News* reported six, and Spies quoted the number on the leaflet. He gave it to a printer, who, without Spies knowledge, added the word "revenge" in bold type, thinking it "made a good heading". This flyer, often later called the "revenge circular" would eventually weigh heavily against Spies.

That evening, bundles of the circular were distributed all over town. It reached a meeting of German anarchists, who made plans were made for a

mass meeting the next night in the Haymarket square, to denounce the police's action at the McCormick works. Adolph Fischer, one of the anarchists in attendance, was appointed to draft handbills to advertise the meeting, and to secure speakers. It is still unclear what else went on at this meeting, who and how many were in attendance is still unclear, but most attendees represented the more radical segments of the labor movement. This would later be known as the "Monday Night Conspiracy".

The next morning Fischer drafted a handbill in English and German calling all workers to the Haymarket meeting, and invited Spies to speak. Spies refused to speak unless the last line, "Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force" was stricken, fearing that it would provoke an unnecessary and bloody clash with police. It was stricken, but not after a few hundred of the 25,000 were printed in the unedited form, and distributed to the public. This, also, would weigh heavily against the Chicago anarchists.

Attention Workingmen!

GREAT

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

AT THE

HAYMARKET, Randolph St, Bet Desplaines and Halsted.

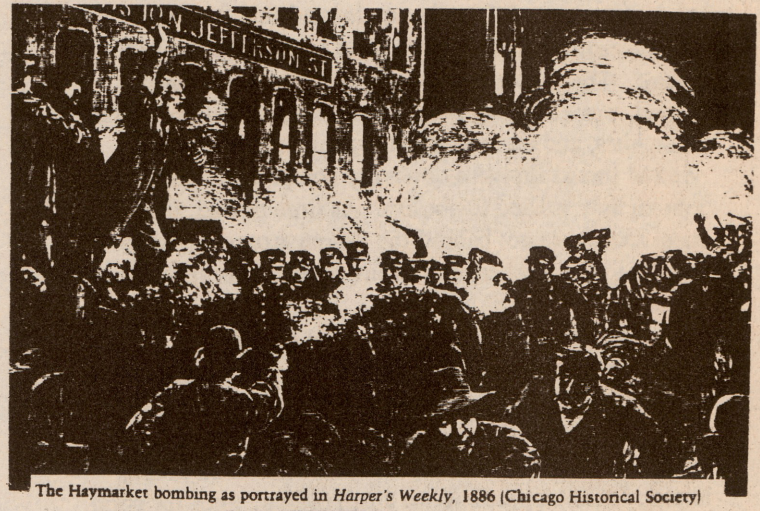
Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

On the evening of May 4th, 1886, Spies arrived at the square at 8:15. The meeting had not yet started. Only two or three thousand showed up, and some of the crowd had already left. He spoke first, in English, denouncing the police and telling the crowd that the meeting had not been called for the purpose of riot or insurrection. Albert Parsons spoke next, condemning the capitalist system at large. Chicago Mayor Carter Harrison, sympathetic to the 8-hour struggle, was in the audience. Once convinced that the meeting was peaceful, he left to inform the police at the nearby Desplaines Street station not to expect trouble, and gone home. Around 10 p.m., Samuel Fielden, the last speaker, mounted the wagon and began his speech. Minutes later it began to rain, driving away all but two or three hundred of the crowd. Fielden's speech was more inflammatory than his predecessors, calling for the workers to "throttle", "stab", and "kill" the law. Two undercover police detectives in the crowd left to inform Captain John Bonfield at the Desplaines station that the speaker was using threatening language. Bonfield, notorious for his hatred of radical labor, summoned Captain William Ward and about 180 policemen, and marched off to Haymarket square.

Fielden was finishing his speech when the police entered the square. The crowd was astonished that the police would come moments before the meeting was to end. Captain Ward called out to the crowd, "I command you, in the name of the people and state of Illinois, immediately and peaceably to disperse." Fielden insisted that they were peaceful, but Ward repeated his demand. As Fielden stepped down from the wagon, someone threw a dynamite bomb between the second and third ranks of police. The explosion threw men to the ground and shattered windows all along the street. After a moment of stunned silence, the police began randomly firing into the crowd. The fusillade scattered the crowd in all directions. Fielden suffered a bullet wound. The riot was over within five minutes. Wagon loads of police showed up, cordoning off the neighborhood. The square was strewn with the bodies of dead and wounded police and civilians.



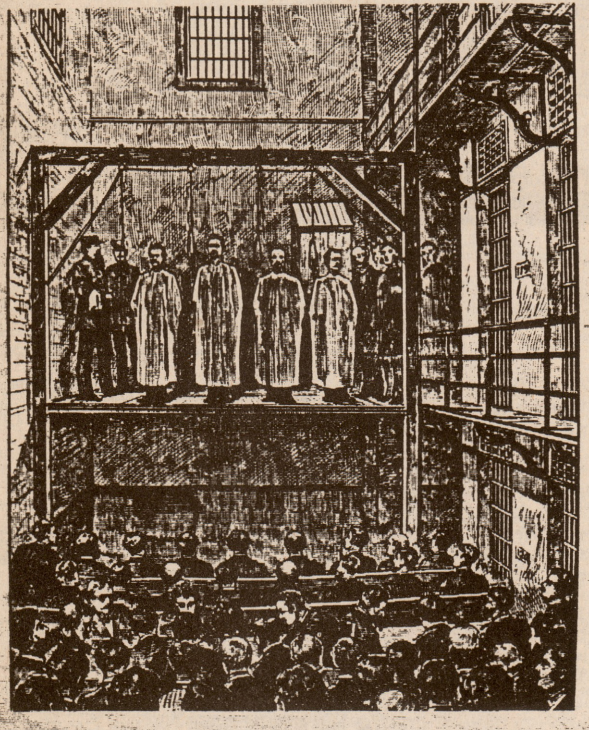
The Haymarket bombing as portrayed in *Harper's Weekly*, 1886 (Chicago Historical Society)

The police suffered sixty-seven casualties. Seven officers died of their injuries. One, Mathias Degan, bled to death within minutes of the bombing, his left femoral artery severed by bomb shrapnel. The others succumbed to their wounds over the next week. Ironically, most of the injuries suffered by the police were bullet wounds, not shrapnel wounds. Of those who died, only Degan was indisputably a victim of the bomb. Equally ironic is the fact that all or nearly all of the bullet wounds suffered by the police were accidentally inflicted by their fellow officers, firing wildly during the chaos (i.e.-Friendly Fire). Witnesses of the riot said that nearly all of the shooting was done by police, with only a few armed civilians returning fire. Civilian casualties, never officially tolled and rarely ever mentioned in press accounts, are estimated at thirty to forty wounded and seven or eight dead.

This event touched off the tension that had been growing in Chicago and across the country with the approach of the 8-hour deadline. A wave of panic swept

the country. The public wanted revenge not only against the "conspirators" who planned the bombing, but against all radicals, everywhere. The press fanned the hysteria with headlines referring to "Bloody Brutes", "Dynamarchists", "Bloody Monsters", "Bomb Throwers", "assassins", "cutthroats", and "cowards". The role of the police in the incident was downplayed when mentioned at all. Editorials called for summary execution of all anarchists, whether involved in the bombing or not. "Shoot first and ask questions later" was the approach often suggested for dealing with this menace to society.

The police responded with a massive crackdown on radicals, especially in Chicago, which was effectively placed under martial law. Due process was suspended. The police searched homes, confiscated private property, ransacked the offices of radical papers, banned or broke up labor activists meetings, and made arrests on the flimsiest suspicion. Prisoners were kept in isolation and given the "third degree" (torture to extract confessions). In the process, eight men were arrested in connection with the bombing: August Spies, Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, George Engel, Louis Lingg, and Oscar Neebe. They were charged with conspiracy to commit murder.



Their trial, from the start, was openly weighted against them. Judge Joseph Gary, who presided over the case, openly admitted his prejudice to the defendants, and repeatedly failed to disqualify jurors who claimed to have already formed an opinion regarding the defendants' guilt. After the defense had disqualified 981 candidates for the jury, a special bailiff was appointed to hand pick the jury, but it turned out he had a strong opinion on the case: "These fellows are going to be hanged as certain as death. I am calling such men as the prosecution wants." Judge Gary, in fact, approved for jury duty a relative of one of the slain policemen.

The prosecution's case against the defendants was this: they had been part of a conspiracy to murder the police with a bomb. Even though the bombthrower was never apprehended or identified, the state could charge them with conspiracy, because they had all at one time advocated the use of violence against the state, specifically by dynamite. Because they had advocated violence, and violence was wrought, they were guilty, even though they had alibis, and no known connection to the bombthrower. They were not being charged for their deeds, but for their political beliefs.

They were, of course found guilty. The verdict was read on August 19th. The defense asked for a retrial, but Judge Gary, to noon's surprise, refused. The Supreme Court refused to overturn the decision, because no federal law was in issue. Oscar Neebe was to receive fifteen years hard labor in Joliet state penitentiary. The other seven were to hang. While more mainstream labor organizations were still distancing themselves from the Haymarket affair, many liberal citizens groups, from the US. and abroad (mainly Europe) came to the defense of the men, petitioning for a pardon. Eventually, Illinois Governor Richard Oglesby reduced the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life imprisonment. For the others, there was no leniency. On November 10th, Louis Lingg committed suicide in his cell by placing a dynamite cap in his mouth and igniting it. Half of his face blown away, he lived for several hours. At 12:15 p.m., November 11, Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were hung. The drop broke none of their necks; they hung for several minutes, asphyxiating.

In 1892, John Peter Atgeld was elected governor of Illinois. Immediately he recieved numerous petitions for the release of the remaining three Haymarket defendants. At the risk of his political career, he pardoned the men, explaining that he viewed the evidence against them as minimal, and the jury strongly prejudiced. While not losing his reputation for honesty and credibility, he lost many people's respect by siding with radicals, and eventually lost his re-election.

In the aftermath, radical labor and politics were never the same. New laws regarding conspiracy were drafted, with harsh penalties. The 8-hour movement eventually failed. The police were much warier, and better organized. And most importantly, the Haymarket incident created a lasting image of the anarchist: the bomb thrower.

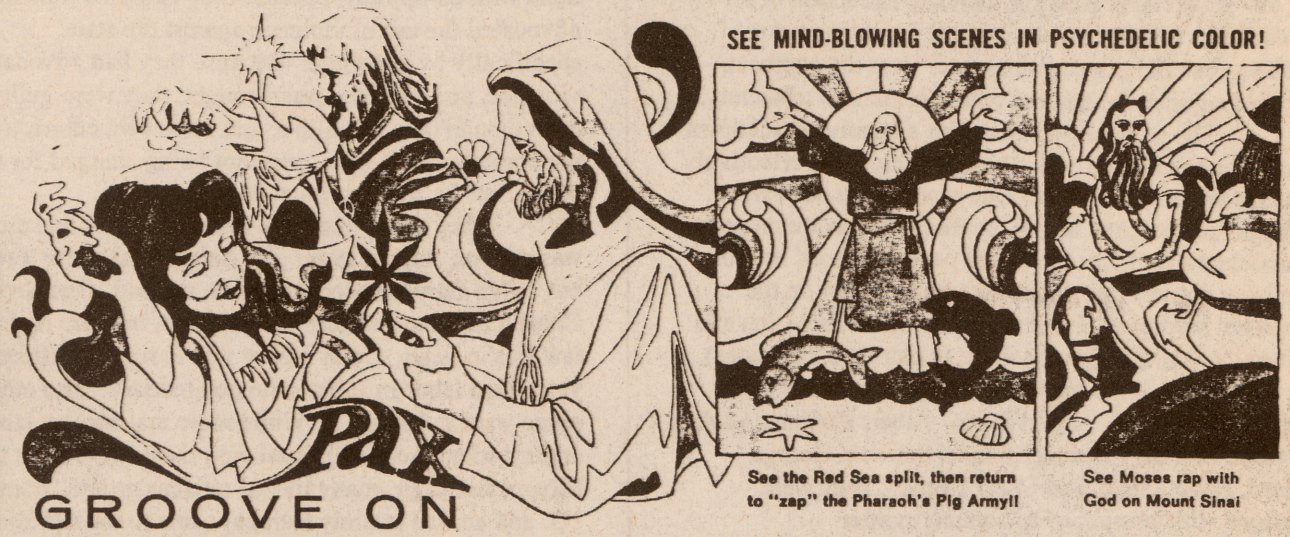
Sources:

Avrich, Paul, The Haymarket Tragedy, Princeton University Press, Princeton NJ, 1984.

David, Henry, The History of the Haymarket Affair, Russel & Russel, New York, NY, 1936.

THEY "DROPPED OUT" OF LIFE ON A 40-YEAR FREAK-OUT IN THE DESERT!

They were the Now generation of 1200 B.C.—a far-out cult of Flower Children who thumbed their noises at the establishment until one cat with long hair, beard and sandals offered them "Tablets" that turned them all on! Where did he get them? Out of sight, man!



SEE MIND-BLOWING SCENES IN PSYCHEDELIC COLOR!

See the Red Sea split, then return to "zap" the Pharaoh's Pig Army!!

See Moses rap with God on Mount Sinai

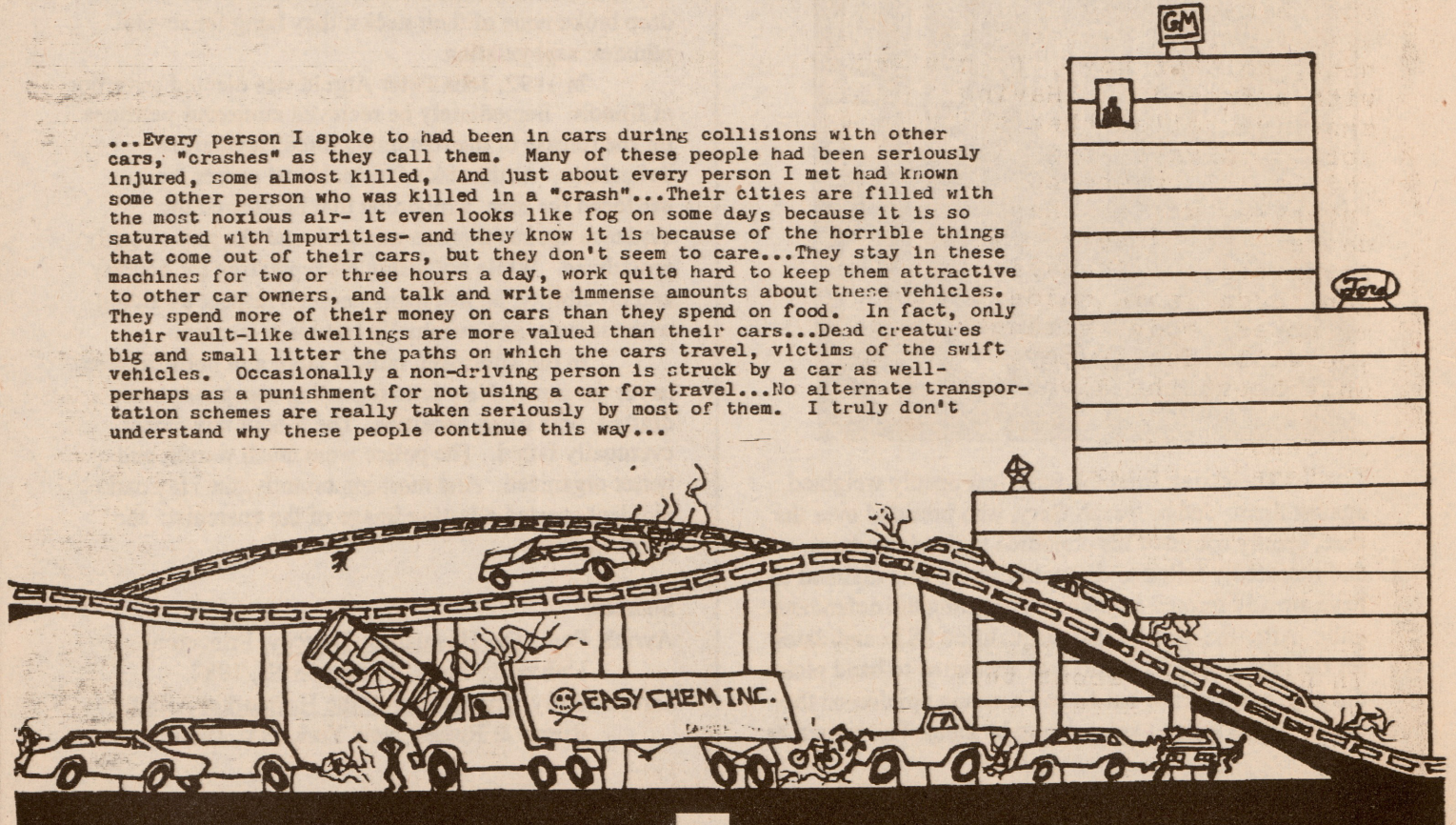
GROOVE ON

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

"The bad trip with the Golden Calf flipped my wig!" Moss, ROLLING STONE

MIKE LESAINA

...Every person I spoke to had been in cars during collisions with other cars, "crashes" as they call them. Many of these people had been seriously injured, some almost killed, And just about every person I met had known some other person who was killed in a "crash"...Their cities are filled with the most noxious air- it even looks like fog on some days because it is so saturated with impurities- and they know it is because of the horrible things that come out of their cars, but they don't seem to care...They stay in these machines for two or three hours a day, work quite hard to keep them attractive to other car owners, and talk and write immense amounts about these vehicles. They spend more of their money on cars than they spend on food. In fact, only their vault-like dwellings are more valued than their cars...Dead creatures big and small litter the paths on which the cars travel, victims of the swift vehicles. Occasionally a non-driving person is struck by a car as well- perhaps as a punishment for not using a car for travel...No alternate transportation schemes are really taken seriously by most of them. I truly don't understand why these people continue this way...



Tuesday, June 15th, St. Louis was graced by an appearance of that punk rockabilly sensation,

the Grips

After the show, I told myself, "I'm not letting them leave without an interview." Of course, I had so much JD in me that night that I forgot how to work the tape recorder. But that's another story.

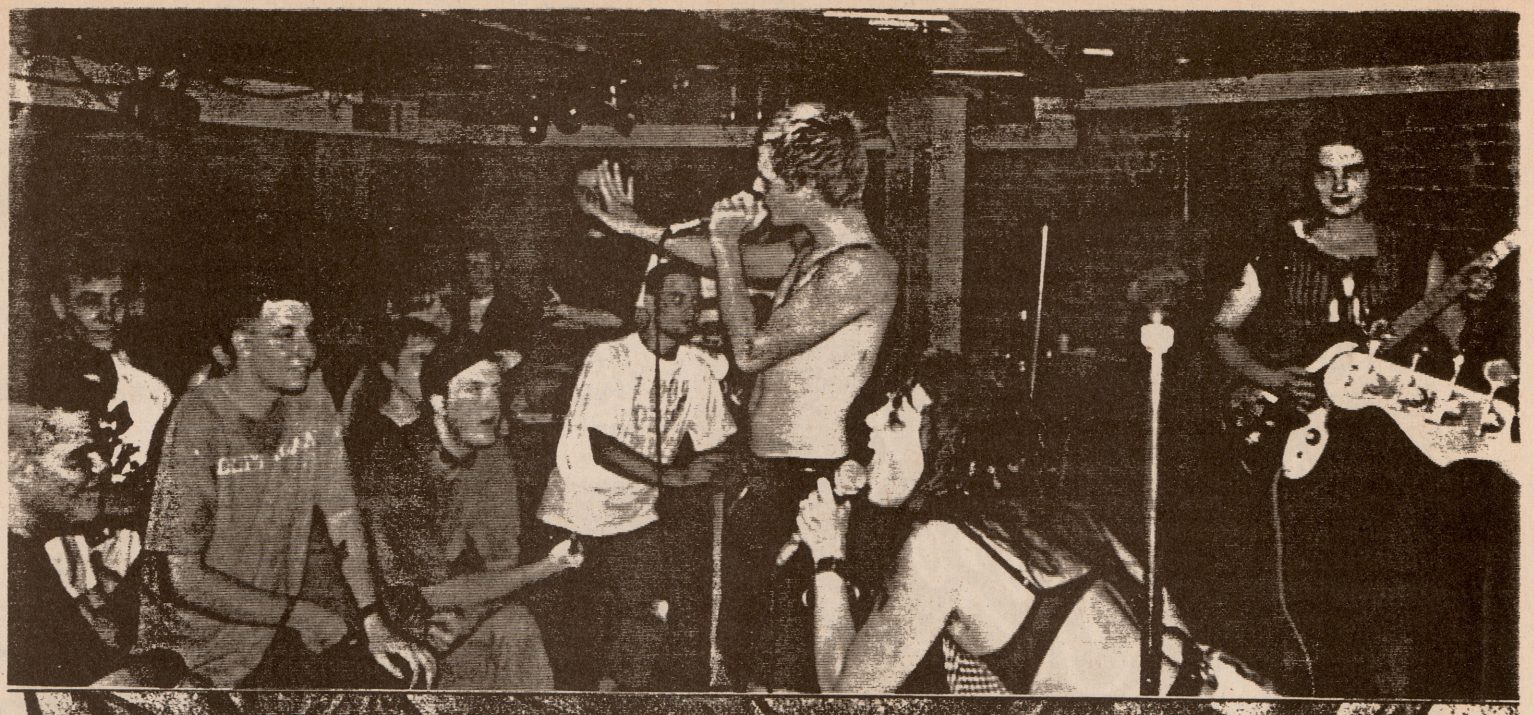
That weekend, they were playing in Chicago with 8Bark. Finding myself with nothing to do (hint hint, shitter boy), I cruised on up with a friend. Having missed the show, we tailed them to the Underdog loft. Always the king of social skills, I pestered them for an interview while they were trying to dance to their early '80s pop favorites. (Kamala--In St. Louis you made some snide comments about my upper body strength, for which you will dearly pay. Nobody talks shit about the River City Crew.)

J--Jesse (vocals)
K--Kamala (drums)
D--Daniella (guitar)
DG--Dagney (bass)
A--Anna (vocals)
S--Steve

S--Okay, tell the readers of *Trouble In River City* about this little band of yours. (After some unnecessary introductions, Doug Ward blundered in, causing brief confusion. Actually, things stayed pretty confused.)

D--It's actually a plot by a big mastermind--
A--Master-*loin*? What?
D--Yeah, a big masterloin in the sky that came down and. . .left us on this earth. We're just. . .creations of this masterloin that lives up in the sky.
A--It's still "loin"?
K--We're actually in search of Maggie And The Maggots.
J--Yes. If you find Maggie And The Maggots, tell us.
A--That's our whole mission. This

is a cover-up.
K--The tour-
A--Wait--maybe we shouldn't publish this--
J--Yeah! Shhh!!
Gr'ups in unison--Shhhhh!
K--We're on tour.
J--Yes. We're on tour.
(I grope for a meaningful question)
A--Let's make this quick!
S--Okay. Next question: What's the rush, huh?
D--Okay, strobe light, red light, early '80s music. "99 Red Baloons" is coming on in about two seconds.
J--Really?
A--We're gonna boogie. (Starts singing 99 Red Baloons.)
K--We're actually not a punk band at all. We're just a new wave band. I'm really sorry to break this to you.
A--This is our keyboardist (Jesse).
S--Well, I guess I should just scrap the interview then.
D--Oh, *no*! Go ahead.
S--Okay! (the poor fools!)
K--I thought it was attitude, not music?



S--Actually it's haircuts, and none of your hair is really all that punk rock. (Just then, some fellow St. Louisans make an entrance. I make excuses for my lack of probing questions.)
J--So, yeah, a lot of the songs are about fairy tales, since you asked. And like, reinterpreting or retelling them, or whatever. It's very deep and meaningful--
A--We're fairies.
J-- --because kids are punks.
K--Only a few of us are fairies. (Maniacal pervert laughter from Jesse.)
A--(To Kamala) You're a fairy. You're just a straight one.
K--I am no fairy! I'm a big bitch.
A--(to the recorder) She's the big bitch of the fairies. (loudly) I had a good time with you today, Kamala!
J--That's what I heard.
DG--She drives a hard bargain. Ten inches of leather.
A--Shut up! It was innocent!
D--(back to the previous subject) So, yeah, kids are punks.
J--We've been around for about two years. And Daniella and Dagney are new, because. . .the other people aren't in the band anymore.
K--Matt had a nervous breakdown.
D--Started doing waaaay too much heroin.
K--And Deb--
A--Started listening to the Grateful Dead.
K--And she's now, as we speak, in fact--
A--She's probably here.
J--Yeah. She's probably in Chicago, cause the Dead's playing here.
A--We could actually go get her, and it could be a better interview, cause you'd get the old Gr'ups and the new Gr'ups.
J--But she's probably *really* stoned, and on a lot of downers--
S--Well, me too.
K & J--Oh, good.
S--It's not crampin' my style at all.
D--So, anyway, kids are punks.
J--We have a new record coming out.
S--All right. What is it?
A--It's called. . .ah. . .(Kamala and Ana singing in unison) *Buildings are the Purtiest Trees I've Seen.*
J--P-U-R-T-I-E-S-T
K--Yes. Purtiest. (Again I grope for a decent question. My friend Renee asks about the purpose of the band.)
A--To get some action.
K--I just want to relate to everyone my straight edge ideals. (Jesse busts up laughing.) As a drummer. . . You'll notice there's a certain rythm, and it's the rythm of straightedge.
J--In every song. Every beat.
S--It's in your veins.
K--It's in my veins. And I think, what better way to get out my message, than to preach it. With my drums.
A--Actually if you play her drums

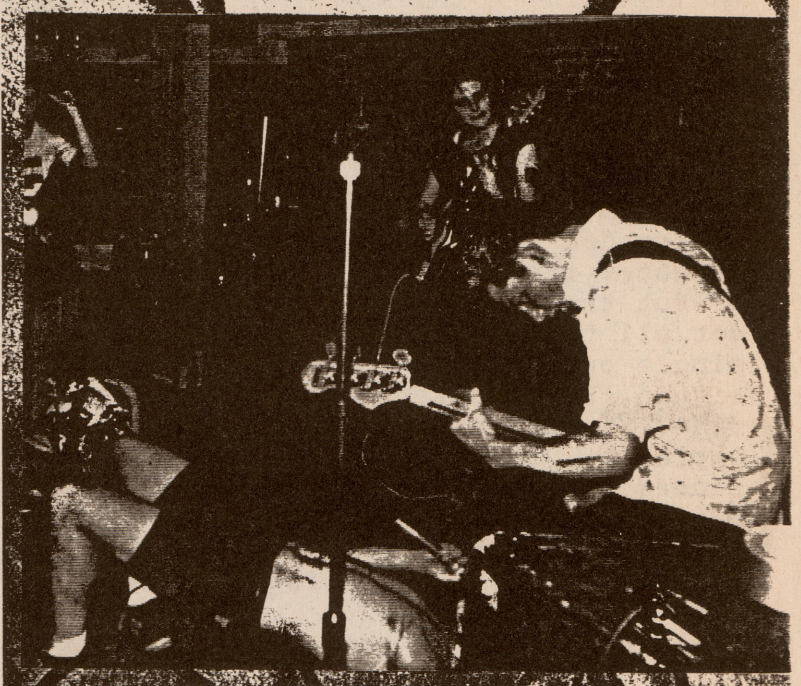
backwards. . .
D--I'm doing it for the Lord.
J--The rest of us are all straight edge, except for Daniella--
D--I'm a hardliner. I'm a Christian hardliner.
K--What I especially like, is every night, after every gig, I have five men just clinging to my legs, begging me to go home with them.
J--Or ten women.
K--Ten women? No. Women are scared of me.
A--You don't scare me. (suggestive laughter from Jesse)
K--But that's what I like. That I get all this attention, and every single one of them is gorgeous, and within five dollars away in a taxi ride. (laughter all round. Kamala explains that in the contract riders for bigtime stars like Glen Danzig and Hank Rollins, they're supposed to get 5 beautiful women, each only a $5 taxi ride from the club.)
J--Makes sense to me. I'm into that.
A--Well, you're only a block away from Gillman, Jesse.
J--I'll shut up now.
K--Actually, Jesse is Sir Mix-A-Lot. (?????--ed)

J--I like big butts and I can not lie. . .(and so on. Kamala taps out a beat.)
A--She's really saying, "Don't do speed."
K--So it's a lovely day. . .night, in Chicago. Anna and I went to the show in a limosine.
J--Yes, it's true. Tell him about the chauffeur, what he said.
A--I just thought, it wouldn't be *that* much out of the band fund.
K--To go to the show in style.
A--There's a point where you can sell out, and there's a point when you can say, "What the fuck, it feels good. Do it."
J--(Aside to the tape machine) Complete sarcasm.
A--No, no it's not.
J--Yes! Yes it is!

A--We ate at the Hard Rock Cafe on the band credit card.
D--(laughing) The *band* credit card!
K--What's another question we can ask ourselves? Well. . .how is it such a group of beautiful people got together?

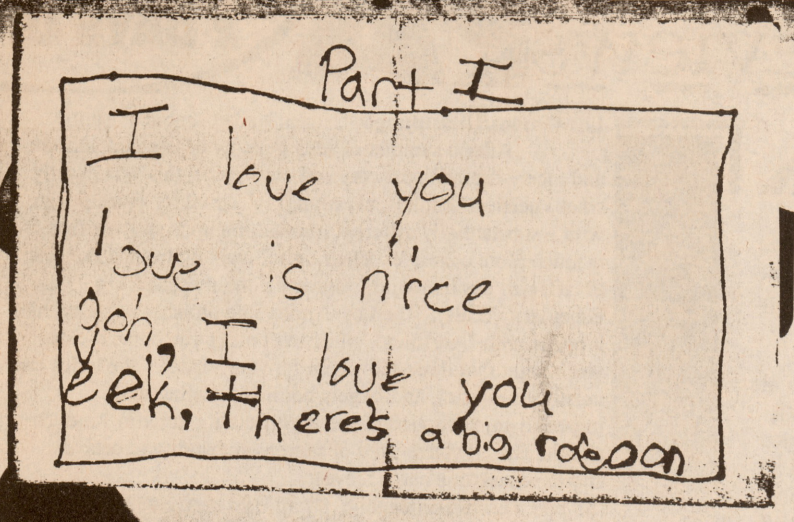
J--It started when I was born. Genetics.
D--It started when I got plastic surgery.
A--What's the most uncomfortable position your body has been in in the last eleven days?
K--I'd have to say sleeping on the floor of the van. No! No no no! I know what it was! It was like. . .five days ago, and I got completely claustrophobic cause there were four people on the loft. (Daniella laughs)
K--*What* are you *laughing* at?
DL--Nothing at all. I'm completely stoned! (every body becomes hysterical with mirth. Jesse, at this point, pokes somebody with his index finger.)
K--Jesse! Why did you do that?! I'm going to break your fucking finger.
J--It annoys Kamala even when I poke somebody else. If you ever want to annoy Kamala, go like this. (savagely pokes tape recorder) Or just tap her. Or just tap anybody in her sight.
K--I'll just have you know, that's how I got my finger broken. I was doing that to--
D--To your abusive boyfriend! (laughter) He just snapped your finger right off! The least comfortable position I was in was when they strapped me to the roof. I'd been really bad and they strapped me to the roof.
J--You know, when she starts talkin' shit. . .sometimes we just drag her. Put the leg irons on, and drag her. A couple hundred miles. It works.

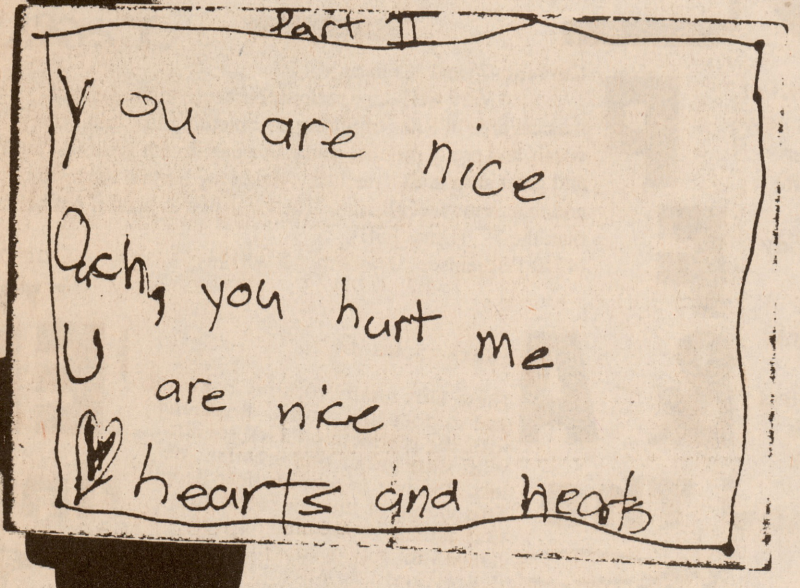
(A really good song comes on upstairs and they prepare to boogie.)
J--Final comments?



S--So why do you do interviews with zine guys who don't have any good questions?
A--Cause we *luuuuuve* you!
J--Because we don't have anything better to do.
A--We like to stroke our egos.
K--Yeah. We like talking about ourselves.
J--And knowing some poor sap is going to have to write this down. Which sucks, I'm sorry, I apologize. This *fine* poor sap with short hair. Who was so nice to us in St. Louis.
S--Actually I looked through your stuff while you were asleep.
J--Did you find anything good?
S--Missing anything good?
J--Oh. Fuck, that's where all my needles went.

Contact the Grups at PO Box 11364 Berkeley, CA 94701





An ode to Naked Agression

by Steve

I really like Naked Agression, because they are a really great punk band, and they have songs about the government and how fucked up it is and how rich bastards run everything. Their music makes me want to go out and punch a cop or go up to a Pro-Lifer and say, "fuck you!" or something. The world is really fucked up and our government's stupid laws make me so mad, but knowing that there are awesome punk bands like Naked Agression makes me, like, a lot more optimistic.

IT'S NOT GOOD TO REPRESS BODILY FUNCTIONS
(for Jean Genet)

I walked to my car and had to pass around three small girls playing on the steps who lived a couple of apartments over. The smallest one, 4, told the other two, "Grandma lets out the loudest poots." I stopped. "Hey," I said, "listen to this." I raised my left leg and arched my ass sideways. A monster rumbled out of me and the little girl sat there on the top step trying to cover her ears and pinch her nose shut at the same time.

Robert W. Howington

Two Stories

Like, say, there's this cult, right, and their leader, he like demands that the only phrase his followers can say is "I Love You", right, because if that's all you can say that's all you can think, so he like dies or whatever and after several centuries his religion becomes, like, the dominant one ever and like owns the world but all anybody can ever say is I LoveYou, even if they're, like, torturing you or whatever. Fuuhhck.

Okay, so God, right, he like wants people to show their like true colors or whatever, but, like, he knows they won't unless they're about to die, so what he does one day is, like, tells everybody that it's like the end of the world and everybody starts going crazy and shit, all killing people and breaking shit and burning shit and probably some dumb dudes like steal stuff, and all kinds of sickos like start raping little kids and old ladies or whatever, so then God says that it's not really the end of the world, so everybody looks like a total fucking criminal.

--Jason Useless

THE TV NEWSMAN SAID

that the space shuttle
Endeavour had lifted off
with the first married
couple and the first
Japanese citizen aboard.

"You can bet that couple
will be having sex," Julie
said.

"Yeh, and the Japanese guy
will be taking pictures,"
I said.

Robert W. Howington

Reviews

Recorded Stuff

Astro Zombies/Sound Bite House split 7"

Here's the deal: call these folks, they send you a free record. If you like it, make a contribution. That tactic alone has garnered Sound Bite House some attention, but they're no slouches at playing music either. Their stuff on this one is fast hardcore with lots of melodic changes that probably appeals to the "modern hardcore" listener. Astro Zombies are pretty odd, turning what could have been straight-ahead 60s raunch into a collision of guitar noise and various random voices. Neither band is really my thing, but they're both pretty good at what they do. (--J. Useless)
(call 516-689-3857 or write PO Box 912, E Northport, NY 11731)

Bad Religion--*Recipe for Hate* (Epitaph)

Here it is, the next chapter in the decline of what could have been one of the coolest bands ever. This new LP isn't as awful as it could be (featuring--no shit here--guest stars like Concrete Blonde frontwoman Johnette Napolitano and the execrable Eddie Vedder of Pearl Jam), and in fact can come up with an affecting melody or two at times. But the old fire just ain't there. Listening to, say, *No Control* back to back with this really makes it clear how far down this band has sunk. Another bad sign: the lyrics generally shun their trademark erudite incisiveness for more obtuse but less cerebral analyses. Bad Religion fans better enjoy this record anyway; if things keep going like this, it'll be their last decent one. (--J. Useless)

The Bollweevils--"Ripple" 7"

WOW! This record is absolutely incredible. Very Chicago: tuneful, catchy, and just all-around good. Ah, I love this shit! This is a band that has gotten better with each record they put out ("Ripple" is their third 7"), and this totally fuckin rocks. I really can't think of enough adjectives to describe how I feel about this record right now. It's great. Buy it. (--GdB)
($3 ppd: Underdog Records, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL 60614)

Born Against/Universal Order of Armageddon--split 7"

Two excellent tracks from each band. Wow, Born Against's stuff just gets kookier and kookier. Their tracks are their usual dark but catchy riffs with sick vocals. UOA is just as powerful with their brick wall of sound. Great lyrics by both. This record, the lyrics contained within and the cover art are some damn good sarcasm. The record's sleeve is also a sealed envelope--yee hoo ha save that paper. This 7" is like eating some yummy dirt. (Dave TSB)
(Gravity Records, PO Box 17052, San Diego, CA 92177)

Los Crudos/Huasipungo--"Nunca Nada Cambia..." split 7"

After a summer of seeing plenty of talented, sincere, and nicely-dressed post-core and emo bands, this was exactly what I needed. Punk Rock, capital P, capital R. Huasipungo, with a substantially different musical lineup from their first 7", is much more cohesive. Their musci, varying from slow punk to HC, still has that wild, staggering quality (thanks to Esneider's vocals). The Los Crudos side thrashes so nasty, like. It opens with "Asesinos", which will make you curse the day you bought that three-foot chain for your wallet. The lyrics are mostly en espanol, and largely political, dealing with imperialism, xenophobia, and superficiality in Latin America and the US. If you're tired of snore-core bands and octave chords, check this out. (Steve)
($3 ppd: Discos Sanjuancito, 80-50 Baxter Ave #125, Elmhurst, NY 11373 or Lengua Armada Discos, 2340 W 24th St, Chicago, IL 60608)

Current--7" and "Coliseum" LP

Very well-done melodic hardcore in the general musical area of Rites of Spring or something like that. Cool vocals and pretty original sound in general with great fast stuff and great slow stuff. yee hah. Makes me hurt on the inside and makes me feel all emo. The LP is just as good if not better than the 7". (Dave TSB)
(4710 Williamson, Dearborn, MI 48126)

8Bark *Scam* LP

These kids totally rock my pants off. and so does this record. Brimming with the distinctive 8Bark sound. With slide guitar on "Breathe". no less. I'm just in awe of these people. This is one of the few recordings that actually makes me want to dance (not just pogo. but for real dance). and I do when I listen to it alone. Buy this asswhippin platter.
($6 ppd. from Underdog Records. P.O. box 14182. Chicago. IL. 60614)
Steve

The Fighters--"Give Em The Business" 7"

Composed of evil genii from Rocco Comics, the Fighters dish up a platter of very poppy, Chicago-ey punk that will have you humming along by the second play. The sound bites sampled between songs are fuckin' priceless. My criticisms are two: the lyrics, while sincere, veer dangerously close to sappiness, and vocalist Jason Mojica is regrettably mike-shy. But this slab has zip! (Steve)
(Rocco Publications, 2427 S 58th St, Cicero, IL 60650)

The Geezers--7"

Well, it ain't exactly dripping intellect lyric-wise, but the music is a worthy mix of early Queers and something off of *Four Old 7"s* slowed to a midtempo raunch. Good, raw, crunchy sound that fits this kind of music to a T, and a cool razor-throated vocalist, make this one worth a few listens. And "Boss's Son" and "Manchester (We Hate You)" aren't completely bereft of worthy verbal sentiments. Chicago's best record this issue. (--J. Useless)
($3 ppd: Underdog Records, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL 60614)

The Gr'ups--tape

All the stuff on the 7" and more! And the more is better than the stuff on the 7". Wonderfully beautiful rockabilly punk with dual female/male vocals. Whup-ass rockabilly that makes you wanna get out the razors and go crazy. (Dave TSB)
(see interview in this issue for address)

Hellnation--*Colonized* (Sound Pollution Records)

Please keep in mind while reading this review, I didn't have the record with me; I borrowed Dave TSB's and copied it. Thanks Dave. No matter how descriptive the word may be, "smurfy" doesn't even begin to come near to adequately doing justice to this sanity-saving work of art.
(yelled and/or screamed): Brutalization! Blahharjkxyzbp! Yaahwr! (stop) Dehumanization! Gblrisvaywrahh! War! Bad! (stop) That's how tight these guys are!! On a dime, I'm telling you!!

I thought noisecore was on the brink of extinction. It still may well be, but this sonic liferaft may just keep it alive for a while longer. Take your grincore poop and smear it on your forehead like the cursed scarlet lettert that it is! This is what it's all about. Musically, in general, the lead singer sounds as if he is from Raw Power and is feeling especially sassy. When not being screamed, the vocals are being yelled very Neanderthal-esquely. It works darn well together. The bass has tres distortion on it. The guitar is awfully nasty as well. By the way, if you ever want to make me smile, strike up a conversation with me about the truth, freedom, and positive existential implications of distortion. The drumming is very straightforward; it ranges in speed from relatively slow, destructive speed, to definitely fast, hard-to-play-for-sustained-periods-of-time speed.

This is more than worth being supported. Nice sleeve, too! It's kind of funny, but pseudo-Theravadan thought actually seems to rear its head a couple of times throughout. (--Distortmann the Verbose)
($7 ppd. form Sound Pollution Records, PO Box 6072, Florence, KY 41022-6072)

Immoral Squad--"Result of Human Greed" 7"

This record is kickin. The music is thrashy hardcore with occasional noisecore parts, and non-growly, mad-as-hell vocals. The sound quality is excellent, and nothing drowns out anything else. The lyrics are written in Shonen Knife-ish translated English, which may have been a bad move. Singing in English is well-intentioned, but they probably would have done better to stick to their native French. (Steve)
(ditributed here by Majic Chef Records, PO Box 160150, St. Louis, MO 63116, USA; to reach the band, write PO Box 316 St-Joseph EST, Quebec, Canada G1K 8Z7)

Manumission s t 7"

I've heard people talk about the "Vermiform Ebullition sound", and I suppose Manumission has exactly that. The music is a blend of Downcastish guitar and mellow "emotional" parts with ghastly Rorschach Born Againstish vocals. It's kinda derivative, but I really like it. (Besides, how many really original bands do you know of today?) The lyrics mainly deal with individuals' alienation from one another and themselves, and are pretty good. The packaging, layout, and photos are A+, and the booklet includes four brief biographies and reading lists about people who have successfully gone against the grain of their societies. And at $2.50, it's a fuckin' bargain. (Be on the lookout for a Manumission/Los Crudos split later this year [!!!!!].)
(Ebullition Records, P.O. Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116.) Steve

The Meatheads--"What Th--?" tape

The band name and cover photo had me ready for a funnypunk band, but the six songs contained within are in more of a pop vein. It's pretty good, if a little overslick, except for a funkish song that recalls INXS. Not too tart, not too sweet. (--J. Useless)
(1090 Country Club Rd., Bedminster, NJ 07921)

Negative Reaction/Whatsoever split 7"

This record, first of all, is free from the address below. Having said that, on to the music. NR's side is pretty raging, one fast HC number and a hardcore/hip hop fusion that actually works. Good stuff. Whatsoever, on the other hand, gives us one long power pop tune that has way too much classic rock influence. Ugh. Still, the Negative Reaction cuts are worth getting. Because hey--free records! (--J. Useless)
(222 Jerusalem Ave., Massapequa Park, NY 11762)

Pope Trendy--tape

Part of a gradually coalescing wave of new, young St. Louis punk bands, Pope Trendy gives us these thirteen short, basic hardcore songs. The playing is clear and tight, with mid-tempo groove parts occasionally cutting into the generally fast tempi. Some catchy bits here, but what really hijacks the flight to Genericland is the lyrical content. Rarely taking on typical issues from typical angles, the songs obliquely tackle such standard issues as school and conformity, and some not-so-standard ones (greed in baseball, for instance). There are also some songs about who knows what ("The Riflers" especially). So, while falling prey to some classic beginner problems--vocal clumsiness, a mix that allows the vocals to dominate, and such lyrical missteps as mistaking Spam for a non-meat product (?)--this is a promising start and a good listen. (J. Useless)
(Majic Chef Records, PO Box 160150, St. Louis, MO 63116)

Propagandhi--"How To Clean Everything" LP

What can I say about this record? Anarchist lyrics coupled with fast, catchy, original tunes--and I do mean *tunes*. Smashing down the barriers between politics and fun is something we could use more of. The lyrics are excellent too; their personally-expressed philosophical nature is reminiscent of OPIV's approach. There are even a few satirical stylistic departures (the jocular "Ska Sucks," the lyrically potent, straightforward "Haile Selassie, Up Your Ass," and the phony Green Day-styled love ode "This Might Be Satire") thrown in for aural variety. A consistently great record that heralds the arrival of a powerful new band. Fuck. (J. Useless)

(For Wreck Chords, PO Box 460144 San Fancisco, CA 94146)

Rhythm Collision--*Now* (Dr. Strange Records)

Based in SoCal, Rhythm Collision has often been compared to such older punk bands as the Clash and Stiff Little Fingers. Those comparisons may have applied somewhat to *Pressure* , their debut, but not really here. While the vocal harmonies and crashing guitars on this LP are indeed reminiscent of those bands, the tempos are too sped up and the vocals not abrasive enough to really justify those comparisons. What we have here is a solid pop-punk-core album, heavy on the melodies and hooks but retaining enough guitar crunch to satisfy rockier types. Fans of catchy punk could do a lot worse than Rhythm Collision. (And hey, for the digitally minded among you, the CD contains both *Now* and *Pressure* .) (--J. Useless)

Rorschach--"Protestant" LP

Zoinks! This is as good as a record can get, I imagine. Picture, if you will, a huge, scary black machine laying waste to the countryside, with a screamy, insane guy getting chewed up in its inner workings. That's this record. Vocalist Charles has changed his style since their early days, and now screams bloody murder in place of his old yell. The music ranges from thrash comparable to Neanderthal to plodding dirges like "Skin Culture". This makes Neurosis sound like John Denver. (Steve)
($6 ppd.: Gern Blandsten Records, 305 Haywood Dr., Paramus, NJ 07652)

Self-Help Mantra-- 7"

Yawn. Octave chords and whining sensitivity. Real pretty. So is the Cure. Snore. No lyrics included, which is probably a plus in this case. (--J.U.)
($3 ppd: Underdog Records, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL 60614)

SNFU--"Something Green and Leafy This Way Comes" LP

If their older records were anything like this, they wouldn't be the minor legends that they are. There are a few rockin' numbers, but most of this album is awful Alice in Chains college rock. The vocals are especially bad; the singer strives to sound like Eddy Vedder, but has all of that jerk's weaknesses and none of his rather dubious strengths. You can hear the ghost of a potentially cool band wafting through the good songs, but this is a huge waste of plastic. (--J. Useless)
(Epitaph)

Spork--7"

I turn this record up way loud and play air guitar along with it. It's a hell of a shame that they broke up. Pretty slow, and heavy as hell, their music stays out of the trap of long, repetitive songs that similar bands often fall into, keeping things interesting by keeping the songs short. The "listening manual" sports an explanation of each song by each member, which I liked a lot. And the drummer is only 13!! (Steve)
($3 ppd: Small Face Records, POB 5043, Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

Tilt--"Play Cell" LP

Very catchy, sorta poppy Lookout sounding. Wonderful female vocals (damn she can sing!). Energetic smooth guitar riffs and great bass work by Pete Rypins (ex-Crimpshrine)--hard to stop listening to. You should buy it because the drummer's name is Vince Camacho, and that's just a damn cool thug name. (Dave TSB)
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94701)

12 ft. 6--7"

I saw them live and I had to clap.
I heard their record and my toes did tap.
I read their lyrics and they were by no means crappy.
They're really nice guys; knowing them makes me happy.

"Tuff" is a commentary on relations.
The kind where women suffer indignations.
1, 2, 3, 4, I absolutely despise war,
Now after reading "Jon's Song", I despise it even more!

We finally come to "C-Note" where the lyrics read loud and true,
Life's for living, accomplish, achieve, your brain's part of you, too.
They're now defunct, yes they're gone,
But through this effort, they will live on.

File 13 Records, PO Box 251304, Little Rock, AR 72225)

Various-- "Achtung Chicago Zwei!" LP

Here we have the sequel to the 1989 Underdog Records compilation, the goal of which was to "put out a comp with no crappy songs" focusing on Chicago-area punk bands. This seems to be a pretty complete look at the state of punk rock in the Windy City, both good (tracks by the Vindictives, 8 Bark, Bollweevils, and los Crudos) and bad (particularly the Cap'n Jazz and No Empathy cuts). Most of it just holds to the steady level of cool-but-not-my-thing that I get from a lot of comps nowadays. Overall, a good way to hear a lot of bands that have been making a lot of noise lately, and a lot better than some other recent comps I could mention. (--J.U.)
($7 ppd: Underdog Records, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL 60614)

Printed Stuff

Blah #1 4 1/4" x 8 1/2" 20 (?) pgs. photocopied free w/postage

Ben Harris, the guy who did this, put out a couple of issues of a 'zine called St. Louis Love Slave that sucked pretty loud. He heartily redeems himself here with an awesome collection of personal experience stories. They deal mainly with rather mundane things like working as a caddy and riding bicycles down parking garage ramps, but the unusual thing is how they manage to transcend their subject matter and make themselves more interesting than they should be. I devoured this in a matter of hours and craved more. You will too. (-J.U.)
(Ben, 75 Webster Woods, St. Louis, MO 63119)

Chick Publications Pamphlets $5 for sample assortment

These are marvelous little comics about how non-Christians burn in hell. You more than likely have seen them around, and you may (as I have been doing for a while) keep them whenever you get your hands on one. Well, on a recent trip to Chicago, I chanced upon a goldmine of these little fuckers at a place called Quimby's Queer Literature (fuckin' excellent place, I might add) for a quarter apiece. In addition to the titles I already had, I picked up 8 more. Classics, these are. Since I can't outline them all, I'll outline a couple, just to give you an idea what these are like:

"The Last Generation" takes place in the near future, where there has been a one world government established that gives away free drugs and declares that "Anyone who claims that Jesus Christ is the only way to the Father in Heaven shall be committed to a mental camp for treatment and/or be executed! All who oppose this new law are officially enemies of the state!" It insinuates that non-Christians sacrifice animals on Halloween (and teach this practice in non-Christian schools) and boldly states that "Reincarnation is a LIE!" (something that, strangely enough, is repeated in numerous Chick publications).

"That Old Devil" outlines what that wacky Satan has been up to for the past 5000 years or so, and informs us all that Eastern faiths, Mormonism, Islam, and Roman Catholicism are all works of the devil. One of the best things JTC has put out.

"One Way", one of Chick's earliest works, is a heart-warming story of two children prostrating themselves before the Lord Jesus in order to be cleansed of their sins (shown in the form of grime and stench that can't be washed off with water). Another little brat decides he doesn't need Christ, damning himself to an eternity of punishment in hell. Kids do the darnedest things.

Some other ones I know are really good: "Hi There!", "Burn, Baby, Burn", "This Was Your Life", and "That Wacky Guy." These are all published in both English and Spanish, and I would highly recommend them to anyone who is SERIOUSLY interested in receiving the Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, as his or her savior. Thumbs up to Mr. Jack T. Chick! (GdB)
(PO Box 662, Chino, CA 91708-0662)

Cometbus #30 (5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 56 pgs., offset, $1.50 ppd.)

This 'zine lives up to its lofty reputation with this issue, the first I've ever seen. Lots of early 80s punk kid stories (sneaking into shows, hanging out, etc. -- I'm always a sucker for that), travel stuff, historical bits on the SLA and the 1970 Canadian "invasion" of the US and plenty more. But the topper is a piece called "Punk Rock Love". For a theme issue (Berkeley) this is really varied, too. Believe the hype. (-J.U.)
(to order: Blacklist, 475 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103
correspondence/submissions: PO Box 4726, Berkeley, CA 94704)

Harmful Matter #1 (5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 14 pgs., copied, 50 cents/two stamps/trade)

Brief, basic anarchist rants. Nothing mindblowing, but reasonably well thought out and good for those new to anarchist politics, while keeping a good sense of humor as well. It's good that this person has joined the International Photocopy Brotherhood. We welcome hym. (-J.U.)
(PO Box 8948, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

I. Yeast Roll #78 24 pgs. halfsize $1

From the man who brought the world *Dear Jesus*, comes the bitter majesty of *Yeast Roll*. 4 years of Born Against have left Sam completely burnt out on music, and reading the tour diary entries that comprise a third of *Y.R.* I don't blame him. There are interviews with the lead singer of Scraps and Nations On Fire, and with punk autoworker-cum-author Ben Hamper, both of which are excellent. There's even a picture of Eric Wood, and a working index. Every bit as good as *Dear Jesus*, and then some.
(Vermiform Records, P.O. Box 12055, Richmond, VA. 23421) Steve

(Eastern) Paralyzed Veterans of America #1 20 pgs (?) halfsize $1

This little number is from Adam Nathanson, guitarist of the late Born Against. If you thought *I. Yeast Roll* was a downer, wait til you get a load of this. He recounts playing with his musical heroes, Leatherface, in Germany, a very humbling experience, and describes his old New Jersey neighborhood in vivid detail, summoning images of all that is ugly, dirty, and unwholesome about city life. The capstone is a poem which uses a roadkill as its central image. Bleak as all hell, but I dig it.
(Vermiform Records) Steve

Positron #3 18 pgs. tabloid (big) $1

As it says on the cover, this zine may be "Too much homo and not enough straightedge" for a lot of you. I distributed #2 for a while, and lemme tell ya, this knocks tha one off the map. Sean writes a great deal on being queer in the punk/HC underground, and defenc queer- and women-only spaces an activities as a useful tool for disempowered people to carve out space in society. He also attacks Hardline's anti-homo babble, and disses on phony bisexuals (people who use sexual ambivalence to look cool). There's also a 3-page Spitboy interview, and photos, photos, photos. The layout is the best desktop-publishing I've ever seen in a zine. Absolutely great.
(Sean Capone, P.O. Box 477469, Chicago, IL, 60647.) Steve

Profane Existence #19&20 (double issue)

The 6-month wait was worth it. 47 enormous pages full of punk rock and anarchy, and some of the best articles I've seen in this mag. Unlike #18 (the gun issue), the PE writers show a strong sense of humor about themselves this time round. "In the Spirit of Total Mock Duck" put me on the fucking floor. (Steve)
($2 ppd. PO box 8722, Minneapolis MN, 55408)

Revival #3

Revival just keeps getting bigger and better. Lengthy interviews with Ragunatha Dasa, Norm Crucified, Chaturatma Dasa, and a person from Save-The-Cow, a thing with Srila Prabhupada, articles on reincarnation and karma, and a very entertaining letters section, in which SxEers dis on my pal John, and John defends his Krishnitude admirably. A lot of people refuse to give this zine a chance simply because it's Krishna, and that sucks, because John is an intelligent guy, and his zine is worth reading, even if you think Krishna Conciousness is a heap of dung. Like I do. (Steve)
(John Wiese, 427 Monticello Dr., Ballwin MO, 63011. $2

These Are Revolutionary Times #4 (11 x 17, $1, 8 pgs., newsprint tabloid)

Anarchist news thing outta Rhode Island. It's hard to get a clear handle on this; some parts come off like, say, a less intellectual *Love and Rage*, while others stray pretty far from that. Berkman reprints (always welcome), some good news/anarchist gathering reports -- and then an interview with survivalist vigilante Kurt Saxon (who takes about the coming "die-off" and "official anarchy" wherein child molesters and other criminals are to be killed -- ??) See what I mean about how it's not very focused? Anyway, it's still a good, brief read that hopefully will gain more identity with future issues. (--J.U.)
(Wayland Square, Box 3146, Providence, RI 02906)

Time #2 (5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 18 pgs, copied, $1 ppd)

Most straightedgers should take a clue from this zine (sorry, fanzine) and trade in their hooded sweatshirts for a brain. The interview with Warzone is funny and reveals their asininity vividly; the personal/political items connect those two elements very well (and about cool stuff, too, like suburban apathy and sexism in hardcore). All in all, this is done with enough intelligence to make being sXe seem like almost a viable moral option, even at this late date. (-J.U.)
(34 Hannum Dr., Apt. 10, Ardmore, PA 19003

Underdog 'Zine #6 8 1/2 x 11 $1 offset

Well, I really wanted this to be better. It's always kind of confusing when a group of obviously creative, intelligent people come up with a tremendously dull creation, and this certainly fits that category. It's like this: if you took all the zine articles that you don't read the first time around, but eventually get to when you're bored and discover are sorta OK but not any big deal, and put them together, this is what you'd get. Not utterly awful, just the sort of random 'zine stuff that indicates that a publication has very little identity or point. Because of that, it's hard to have much of an opinion either way on this. (J. Useless)
(Underdog, PO Box 14182, Chicago, IL 60614)

Under the Volcano #13 28 pgs. 8 1/2 x 11 $1 offset

This publication would give both its arms to be *Flipside*. Make your own judgment. (--J. Useless)
(PO Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767)

Up Yours #1 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 20 (?) pgs. photocopied free w/postage

Sarah Kate, the local brat grrrl whose efforts have included the mini-cutefest Queenie and the somewhat tepid collaborative 'zine Shallow, has finally brought the world a full-size solo effort. Content-wise it's fine, with a lot of pretty typical but still worthwhile grrrl stuff. The main problem lies in the cluttered, clunky layouts and (a real sore point for me with a lot of zines) the handwritten portions. If this doesn't bother you that much, this is definitely worth checking out, although not quite the five-minute thrill that Queenie is. (-J. Useless)
(Sarah Kate, Box 25, 470 E Lockwood, St. Louis, MO 63119)

velocity #1 photocopied 1/2 sized

I remember when Beth did Y-cide. I loved that zine. Now she does velocity with Matt. I liked Beth's articles better than Matt's, but not because she's a girl. She just writes about better stuff, like the evils of dissecting frogs in AP Bio (been there, know about it), workers in tobacco fields who suffer from green tobacco sickness and recycling. Matt writes about being a closet raver (hey, more power to him!), stupidity in society, and some childhood memories. I really like the way Beth writes, and I can't wait to see the next issue of this zine.
-Sarah Kate
(velocity zine c/o Beth
7540 N Pennsylvania Indpls IN
46240-2802)

Amy said if she could ask Santa Claus for one gift, it would be to get through a day without being teased by her classmates.

steady diet of ego

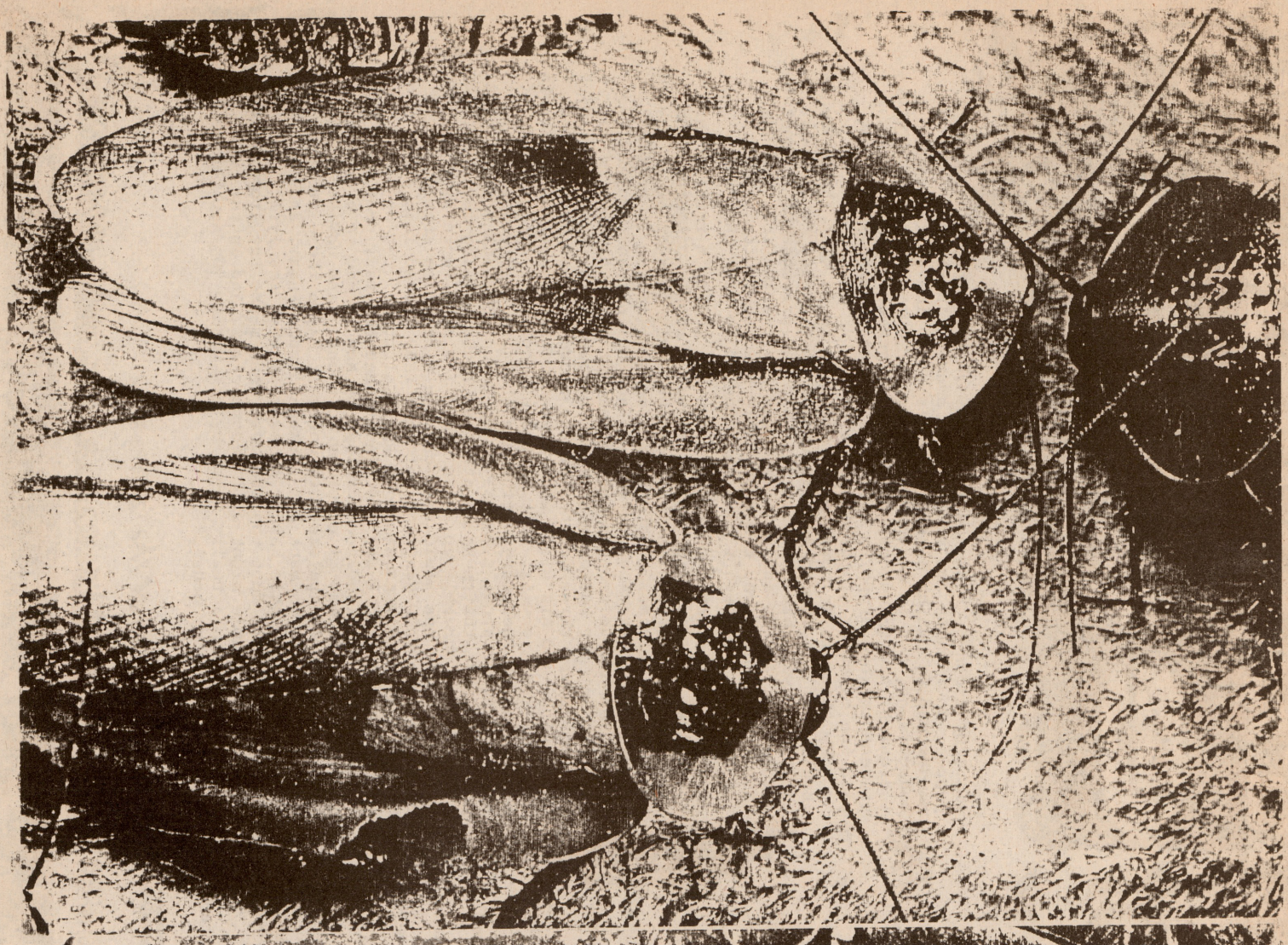
....You can't be what you were...hmm, weems quite ironic that these lyrics seem to take on an almost prophetic nature when applied directly to the actions of their creator. This conclusion comes from my observations at the Wednesday, August 25th Fugazi concert, where it seemed that both on-stage and off, people were oblivious to the fact that what was going on more closely resembled kindergarten follow-the-leader than a "punk" show.

Let me first say that as far as bands go, Fugazi has for the most part it seems, done a respectable job of sticking with their basic ideals (i.e. $5 covers and no t-shirts, home videos, toothbrushes, etc.) which is impressive in the fact that other punk bands which have ridden the same bus to "fame" haven't (i.e. Bad Religion). However, maybe it's more a question of time-will-tell. I couldn't have said the same thing three years ago, the thought wouldn't have even entered my mind when I watched them play as The Alley for a crowd that seemed half the size on a stage that was definitely half the size. And this isn't one of those"it-was-so-much-cooler-then-and-if-you-weren't-there-then-you don't-belong-here-now" tirades which, in my opinion, seem pretty self-defeating; but I think the difference was that, then, it seemed everyone was there to see the band Fugazi. This time, it seemed a lot of people were there to see Ian McKaye with Fugazi (you know, on back-up instruments), but not just to see him- to somehow win his respect. And he, in turn, seemed to know this, but not just know this- indulge in this.

For example- the use of the word "sir." Yes, at first seems like a petty thing, which it was- at first; the problem is, he addressed everyone from the bouncers, to "someone in charge" to the audience members as "sir" repeatedly. Now think about it- just when the hell do you call someone "sir"? Dwelling on my previous experience, I'd have to say not often- more specifically, only in times when someone commands my utmost respect (or, I guess, intimidates the shit out of me). But anyway- put it this way- if you were to approach Ian after the show, or bump into him somewhere, or write him a letter- would you address him as "sir"? I thought one of the points of punk rock and DIY was that everyone was on the same level doing everything they could themselves, eliminating all the corporate bull shit, including kiss-ass approaches to people like using sir. And I don't think Ian meant any undue respect to these people, so I think the whole thing sounded incredibly condescending, which I think was his intention as far as the bouncers go, but to be condescending to your audience is pretty indignant. And throughout the night it seemed a lot of his statements were dripping with condescension which slid right past the majority of the audience.

My other major observation had more to do with the audience itself, but Ian seemed an unreluctant instigator. Fugazi was about half-way through their set when the presence of a hopeful stage-diver in the audience captured Ian's attention. The guy wanted to stage dive, but apparently Ian wasn't too hip with the notion- "It doesn't have anything to do with the music anymore," he informed us (oh, excuse me, I didn't realize the rhythmical process of stage-diving was a highly-patterned and developed art form which was performed only in sync or in conjunction with music; stupid me for simplifying it to five seconds of "on-stage glory" and an adrenalin rush). Anyway, though Ian had voiced his disapproval of stage-diving, he was going to let the audience decide, "because this is a democracy." Well of course three-fourths of the crowd clapped against the guy diving, and his pleas were silenced with an off-hand sneering comment. The irony is, half of those people who voiced thier discontent at the crazy notion are the very same people who, at every other show, a casual onlooker would mistake for a band member because the're up on stage so much, waiting in line to jump off and scramble up again . And I'm sure secretly they were hoping no one would remember their bragging stories of days past, or know how many nothches they carved into their bedposts after all those shows spent airborne, because what if Ian found out? It was just sad to see how many people in that crowd were blindly controlled by and agreed to everything Ian said (regardless of previous opinions), and how he seemed to realize and manipulate this control. Maybe those audience memebers need to go back and listen to some Fugazi and concentrate a little harder on exactly what the lyrics are saying; maybe Ian does too, because then maybe the irony which pervaded the whole night will become clear. And in the words of an artist who actually lived by his words, "Do not become the slave of your model."

by Lauren Hancock



Stone Righteous BUGS

by Steve

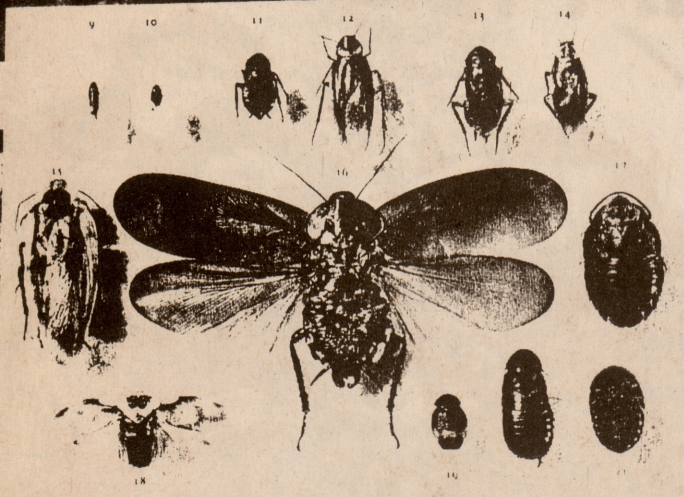
At last, the long awaited third installment of *Stone Righteous Bugs*! This time, we will look at the amazing world of one of humanity's oldest and least desired animal companions, the cockroach.

Cockroaches are among the most successful forms of animal life in earth's history. They have remained fundamentally unchanged in the 350 million years of their existence. Like sharks, another great evolutionary success, the cockroaches predate the dinosaurs. In Carboniferous age, an epoch of great fern swamps and giant amphibians, cockroaches were so abundant that the era is sometimes unofficially referred to as the "Age of Cockroaches."

There are around 4,000 species of cockroaches worldwide, but out of these, only 25 intrude into human dwellings. Most species inhabit tropical forests, while others live among the roots of desert cacti, on the floors of caves, and in birds nests. The species that often pester man, such as the Asian, German, and American cockroaches, are found worldwide, wherever humans have built dwellings, and inhabit everything from TV's to crawlspaces in Antarctic research facilities.

The cockroaches' great success is due to the fact that they are generalists, able to exploit a wide variety of environments. Unlike specialized animals, like the Koala, which will die if its supply of eucalyptus leaves runs out, the cockroach is not limited to a single set of living conditions. They can literally eat almost anything with their sturdy mouthparts, including their own cast-off exoskeletons and unhatched eggs. Cockroaches can

also go for months without food, subsisting on protein crystals stored in an organ known as the "fat body". Cockroach success goes beyond the ability to scrounge for

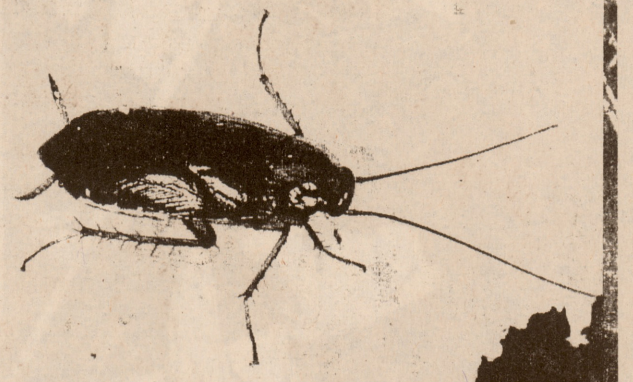


food successfully. The insects are also extremely prolific. An Asian cockroach who's offspring all reproduce can produce 10 million new roaches in its lifetime.

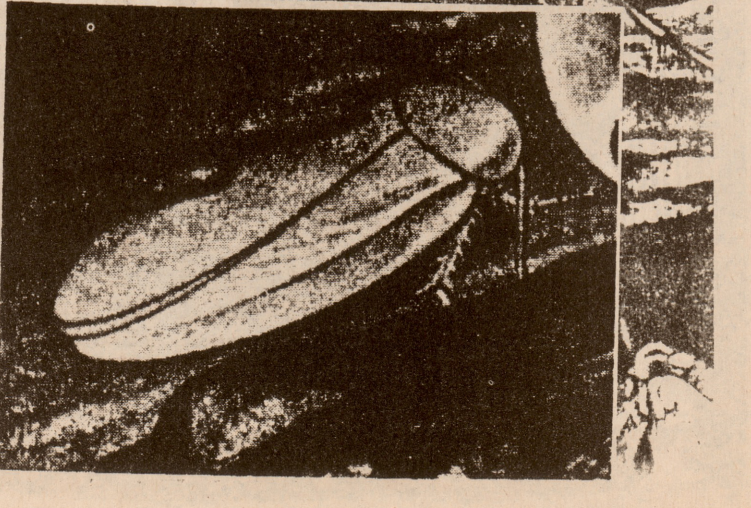
Furthermore, cockroaches are remarkably resilient. Because roaches have spent eons of adapting to plant poisons, humans have had a hard time developing a foolproof anti-roach chemical that doesn't also poison humans or other animals. Cockroaches can also withstand doses of radiation that easily kill humans; Jason Useless once microwaves one for half a minute. The bug simply staggered drunkenly out of the oven and went on its way. The main weakness shared by all roaches is a vulnerability to dehydration; this is why cockroaches spend daylight hours secreted away in crevices and only travel abroad in the cool of the night. Because of this frailty, they are remarkably sensitive to air currents, which accounts for the bugs scattering when you turn on the light and enter a room. The light is only part of the annoyance. However, what is this sort of Achilles' Heel to a creature that can live for a week with its head cut off?

Cockroaches are associated with uncleanliness and disease, and with good reason. Many carry diseases communicable to man, and cockroaches frequently foul human foodstuffs with their feces and egg-cases. Also, cockroaches are a serious cause of allergies ranging in severity from a runny nose to severe wheezing, vertigo, and anaphylactic shock. As many as 60% of asthmatic Americans are allergic to cockroaches, whether alive or dead and decades old. Vile as these creatures may seem to many of us, they have no love for human beings; many species clean their legs and antennae after touching people.

So, next time you find one of



these critters in your bathtub, or under your sink, or under the bark of the tree in the yard, you might think to yourself, "These things outlived the dinosaurs, and will most certainly outlive *Homo Sapiens*. As a human, I am insignificant in the grand scheme of evolution; I will be remembered only for the species I have driven to extinction. It is I that am the puny, crawling thing, and the cockroach that is the proud and mighty conqueror of the Earth." Bugs. They're so heavy.



What goes around. . .
comes
around.

HUASIPUNGO

Huasipungo played at the Wabash Triangle Cafe in August '93, on their U.S. tour with Los Crudos (who didn't come here with them). The Wabash, aside from the presence of a stage and a bar, is much like a really big living room, and most of the crowd was slumped in easy chairs while the band played, which struck them as really odd. After the show, I interviewed them in the parking lot, in my characteristic half-assed, what-the-hell-am-I-doing style.

E--Esnieder, "Sugar Daddy", vocals
A--Amanda Jo Trevins, guitar
S--Steve Joseph Dore, Jr. aka Dr. Righteous, aka Sir Hotpants, drums
M--Mike Saboo, aka MC Dr. Methane, the Phart Physician, bass
Me--Steve, of this very zine!

(as you read this, imagine about four lines of fucking around and sillyness for each line of actual interview)

Me--So, "House of Pungo". What kind of silly name is that?
M--That's the all-Irish rap band.
S--We're an all-Colombian baskeball team.
E--Huasipungo comes from a book, by George Casa, and it's translated into English. Go get it and read it.
A--Huasipungo translates to "little plot of land" in Quechua. . .
M--The book is about Native Americans in South America who are basically kept as slaves by U.S. backed landowners, and how they're exploited and how they fight back. It's a really good book.
A--They all get killed at the end. .
M--. . .but their spirit lives on. Depressing but inspiring.
S--Huasipungo, to me, means "Devil's Sweat."
Me--How has the band changed since the original lineup, and what effect has that had on the music?
A--We've gotten much better! Much better. Tighter.
M--Musically, it's almost a completely different band, for better or worse. Since he's (Esnieder) pretty much written all the lyrics since the start of the band, the whole point of it has pretty much stayed the same.
E--The spirit of the band remains the same. The spirit of do-it-yourself, playing all ages, and that sort of thing. Unfortunately, the old band members had to move away, for whatever reason. Our guitar player had to leave because of a very sadistic practice of the immigration system in this country, which tries to keep people out any way they can. The person he shared his life with and his son were not given permission to enter this country, and he was. He basically missed the first year of his growing up, and he had to leave. It's all on good terms.
A--Screwed up priorities. The band's more important.
(Amanda tells an amazing story about driving through a horrific storm on I-70, hydroplaning into the median wall, smashing the hell out of the median and not putting so much as a scratch on the van, "Red Thunder".)

Me--(about the lyrics) Is it about fifty-fifty Spanish-English?
E--It used to be fifty-fifty, maybe it used to be sixty-forty, Spanish-English. Now it's seventy-five-twenty-five. I write however I feel like doing it. I feel more comfortable doing it in Spanish, of course. . .
Me--I would assume most people you play for don't speak Spanish. How do they usually react to needing to read lyric sheets?
E--Anywhere from. . .most of the time it's been good. Most of the people who don't care to read translations are people who don't really care about bands, period. They just go to a show to get drunk, or mosh or whatever and go home. They couldn't care less who it is, whether it's us, or Fugazi, or whoever. . .for the most it's been good. Of course, there was the letter in MaximumRock'n'Roll where they say, "I don't wanna read a stupid fucking lyric sheet in a smoky club, blah blah blah." Besides the Nazis we had in Staten Island, these Nazi skinheads who seig-heiled at us, and were screaming at me, "you fucking mexican, go back to your country, blah blah blah,". . .I know where those people stand. I know they had swastikas, I know what their intention is toward me and any other band members. Mike was the damn fag, Amanda was the damn bitch, our old drummer who was Japanese, was the damn chink, and so on. Other than that, it's been pretty cool.
M--If you were gonna react to a band, or actually read lyrics, usually having to read a translation doesn't dissuade them. If they're going to make that amount of effort to actually give a shit about a band. . . most people just sorta sit there and stare at us.
Me--So, they're either too apathetic to care, altogether. . .
E--Or really into it.
M--There is a middle ground, it's not that cut-and-dry.
A--I think it's probably the same reaction they'll have to other bands, because most hardcore bands . .you can't understand the lyrics while they're singing them anyway. So it takes an explanation either before the song or reading the lyrics. And Esnider, as we all know, explains. . .talks a lot in between songs, sometimes.
E--It's important to us to express what we think, or what I think. . .the issues we try to express, musically and lyrically, like what my experiences have been, and the experiences of people I know, which are totally different from the traditional, you know, "We are a punk band that sings about smashing

the state" kind of thing. You know, I see people being deported, I come from a country where police repression is a very much everyday fact where people get shot, and death squads work towards shutting people up, like permanantly, and where the United States finances armies. . .a repressive system. It's a reality. I have family there. I lived there for 17 years, went to high school, so it gives me a different perspective. And we all learn from each other, and that's what it's all about.

Me--What do all of you think of the trend of bands from non-English speaking countries to actually sing their songs in English, and the tendency for American bands never to translate thier lyrics into other languages?

A--I talked to a friend from Belgium, he's French, and he's the singer for two bands, and he was telling me he sung stuff in English, and he was saying that English is a singable language, and Spanish is a singable language. He was saying French sounds dumb, sung, and that's the reason he sings in English. It's not important. Whatever people can understand, not to just be like, "okay, I was born knowing this language", because he does know other languages, that to him sound better, and I guess there are more English speaking countries than French. . .

M--It's also the trend of punk bands in other countries to want to be exactly like American bands. Most bands that start feeling they have to sing in English also pretty much try to duplicate American bands, good or bad. People should sing in what they're comfortable with, and there shouldn't be this unspoken rule, like, "Oh, you can't sing punk in anything other than English. . . ." because it's the language of punk or whatever. Because there are bands from all over, there are bands from Hungary, and Finland--

E--Hong Kong.

M--Thailand, Argentina. I mean, every country you could possibly imagine, any language you can sing in. And if you're sending your record to these other countries and people are supposed to buy them, you should at least make an effort to try and translate the lyrics.

E--It's communication. If punk's one thing it's communication with other people. That's why we trade records with other people all over the fucking world. We're not going to make millions of dollars, and I personally don't want to sign to a label. If there is one thing I wanna do it's learn from other people. . .I mean. . . excuses people use to say that they have to sing in English is that, "oh, English is the language that sounds good,", they wanna communicate with people well--that's what translations are for. I have heard bands from just about every country in every single language I can think of. I hear about French not sounding good for singing hardcore, but you can think of bands like (some French name I didn't catch), Scraps. . . and a zillion bands that sing in those languages and they sound fine. Spanish bands, Colombian bands, Venezuealan bands and so on. . .Always translate everything into every language you can, communicate as much as you can. If you need to use English, use English. . .try to learn other languages. Like when I learned English, it broke this wall down and I had this learning experience with all these bands I could understand, and because I speak Spanish I'm able to listen to all these bands from Latin America and other parts of the world in their language, and it expands my knowledge of what they're trying to do so much. And I wish I could speak more languages, and when bands translate their stuff and I get to read it's great.

M--And it's a symptom of the homogenization of punk rock. All the bands start sounding the same. There are bands from other countries, and if you listen to their records and look at thier packaging and look at how they present themselves, and they're just like American bands. You cannot tell the difference, like they want to be this interchangable punk rock product. People should try to be different, not that we're all that original sounding. . .Part of the appeal of bands from other places is that. . . they have either a totally different perspective or a slightly different perspective, whether it's the way they present themselves or their musical influences, and to have all these bands that are trying to be just like every other band no matter where they're from, it's like. . . why?

E--It gets boring. . . Yes?

Me--No argument here.

After this, we chatted some more, and Amanda got into a lenghty argument with Mike about the homogeneity of punk rock. I went with the band to Amanda's brother's apartment in the suburb of Manchester, and watched *The Breakfast Club* in its entirety for the first time ever. In the months since then, Mike, Amanda, and Steve (who was a stop-gap temp for the tour) left the band for various reasons. Esnieder is continuing with a new group of musicians. Write them at Discos Sanjuancito, 80-50 Baxter Ave., #125, Elmhurst NY, 11373. Thanks again, Red Thunder Posse.

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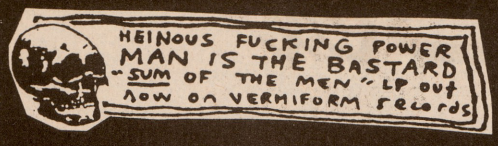

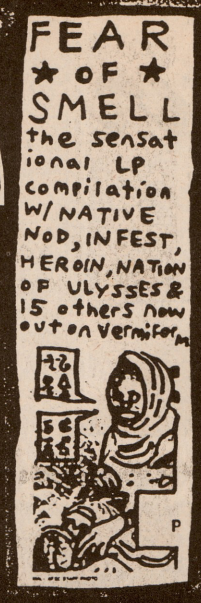

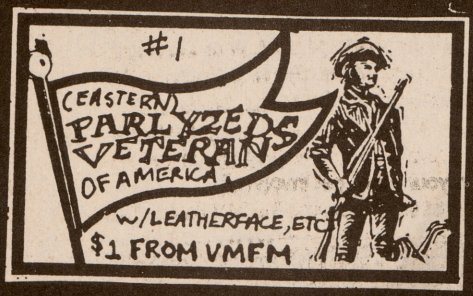

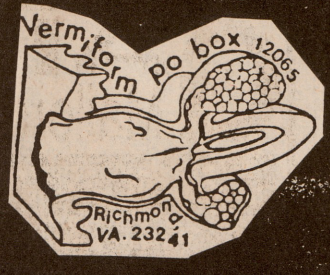

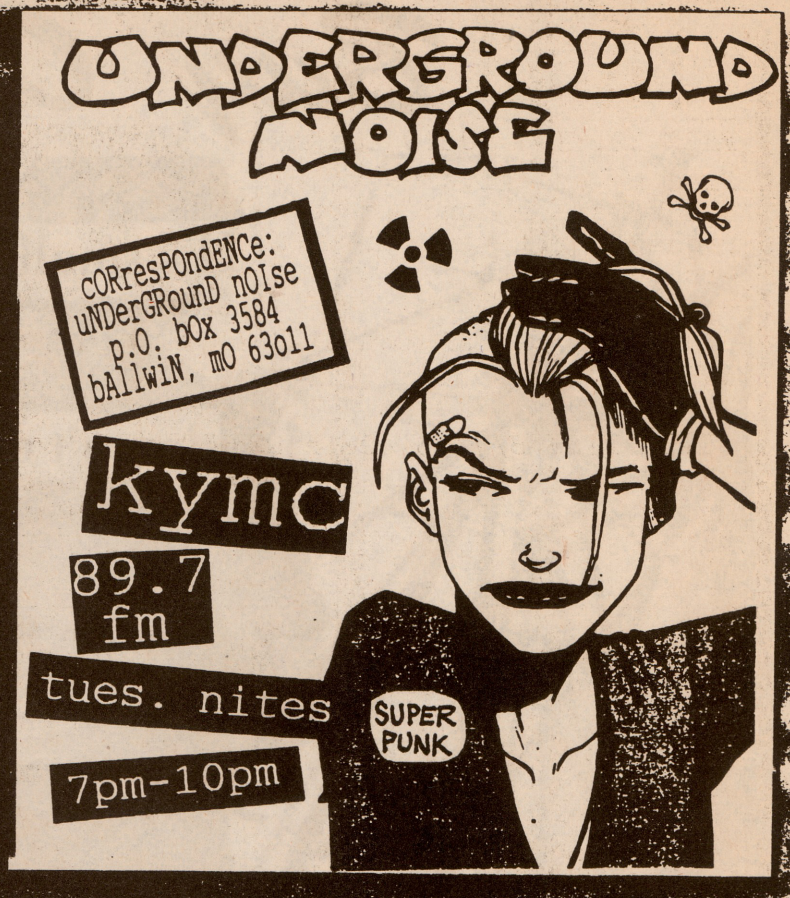

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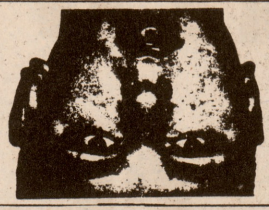

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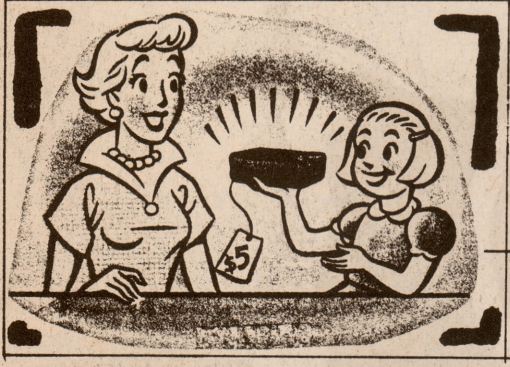

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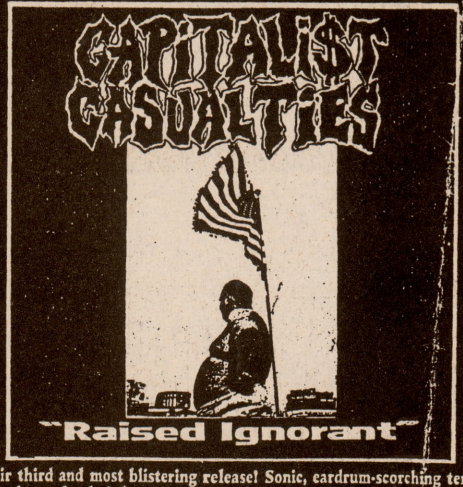

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Slap A Ham
P.O.Box 420843
SanFran, CA 94142-0843
USA

You burn my flag,

I'll burn your ass!

(Actually, I think flags are kinda stupid, and kicking ass over them stupider still. But hey, it's a decent gag.)